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C. G. EASTBROOK, EDITOR AND
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1877.

A NIGHT IN THE SENATE.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

THE PASSAGE OF THE COMPROMISE
BILL IN THE SENATE—GRAPHIC
DESCRIPTION OF THE SENATE
DURING AN ALL NIGHT SESSION,
AND SOME OF THE PROMINENT
ACTORS.

WASHINGTON, JAN. 29th, 1877.

The transactions of Thursday and Friday, the 25th and 26th of January, are destined to contribute an important chapter to the history of the American republic. Men differ to-day as regards the policy or the necessity of so unmistakable a surrender on the part of the republicans; they will differ as decidedly and as reasonably a century hence. The act was one of those simple but overpowering impulses which affect men but once in a generation; an act which men perform in a moment with avidity, and devote the balance of their lives to regretting. For the past month disputants in Congress have devoted time and tongue to proving that the President of the Senate, although he has counted in fifteen Presidents, has no power to count in the sixteenth, and have concluded by taking away the suspicion of such authority, and handing it over to somebody else. These have wasted innumerable breath in setting forth the evils of vesting such power in any one individual, so long as that individual is the President of the Senate, and have ended by vesting it in the fifteenth member of an hermaphrodite Commission.

Discussion seems to have had no other result than further complication, and the end of the debate was worse than the beginning. In the meantime the dead republican was clamoring the greatest out of work, out of pocket and out of patience; demanded a settlement. Mr. Waternous' one hundred thousand unarmed innocents, leaping up like a gigantic pillar of devouring flame, managed at last to frighten the weak-kneed Republicans in Congress, until like a flock of demoralized sheep, following the lead of the heavy weiner from Vermont, they have jumped the fence of Constitution, and land in the rocky pastures of a sublime uncertainty. The Republican party stands today on the extremely indefinite line which marks the boundary between sublime magnificence and inglorious surrender.

THE SENATE BY GAS-LIGHTER.

I stumbled into the Senate on Thursday evening. The dim gas-light filtering through the paneled ceiling strewed down upon a score of grave and reverend seignors buried in inglorious slumber, while door-sleepers and pages awoke maintained a wakefulness born of inherent indifference. Senator Morton, pale, exhausted, but earnest, sat in his chair and uttered his last appeal for the Constitution. On one side, Senator Sherman, calm, alert and defiant, upheld his trembling hands and insilled courage from his own unquenchable spirit; on the other the colored Chubbs, twenty-one republicans and twenty-six democrats voted for the bill; sixteen republicans and one democrat and inglorious surrender.

ton followed in a stentorian effort against the bill, that surprised his party friends, and fell for a moment like a wet blanket upon the scheme.

As he concluded General Burnside, faultless in costume, and resplendent in side-whiskers, strode down the aisle and attempted to reach his desk in time to catch the eye of the President, but the deeper little Pinkney Whyte of Maryland, raised a piping voice and was recognized. He presented a petition from the citizens of Washington against the passage of the bill, and embraced the opportunity to say that he believed the bill to be unconstitutional, which seemed from his argument to constitute its greatest charm. After floundering around for a half hour with authorities to prove its unconstitutional, he wound up by declaring his vote for it, and subsided.

Again was Senator Burnside too late for recognition, for Mr. Merriman seemed anxious to deliver himself of an idea and was permitted, and when the ex-chef-lieu of the Army of the Potowmack was heard, it was found to consume exactly four minutes past four.

SENATOR EDMUNDS

rose to his feet to close the debate. Drowsy Senators swarmed in from the cloak-rooms, rubbing their eyes and stretching their cramped limbs. Dawes and Boutwell assumed an attitude of expectancy. Burnside strode down the aisle toward the reporters table. Mr. Christianity paused in his perorations and the Apollonian Chug quaffed another mess of coffee. The gas was beginning to grow dim; a gust of chill air waited in from some indefinite quarter and the shrill crow of a rook from some adjoining bough-yard, told of the approach of morn, if nothing more historically suggestive. It was the moment of Mr. Edmunds' triumph and an historical epoch in the existence of republican institutions. The great defender and probable author of the Compromise bill, bears in appearance the front of a well-made merchant. He is tall, decidedly round-shouldered, of bony frame, and altogether compact builds bold to exaggeration, but what he remains is grand and bushy. The apex of his large nose assumes a peak as distinct as the oval of an egg; the forehead high and receding; the eyes gray and sharp, like a lawyer accustomed to detective practice; the nose, as gaudy and somewhat intrusive. A full white beard and light complexion, serve to complete an impression as blank and impassive as an automaton. In dress he is neither shabby like Christianity or fastidious and correct like Randolph and Burnside; but rather the apparel of a country lawyer in good practical or Judge on a Supreme bench given to sociality. In delivery he is easy and forcible, distinct of utterance, using few gestures, and enunciates his argument with a clearness and plainness that is apt to earn conviction with it. As critics have pointed out, "He speaks right on following the main thread like a dogged army, the remaining side issues around him, his head never growing muddly, nor fugitive, nor diverted!" He is the best logian in the Senate, by many considered the most able, and is certainly among the best lawyers in public life; yet has neither the eloquence of Conkling, the rhetorical power of Matt Carpenter, the grace of Blaine, or the crushing force of Morton. He will be known in history as the father of the Compromise bill of 1877.

THE VOTE

was taken at precisely four minutes to seven on Thursday morning, and passed by 47 to 47. Of this number, but one Democrat, (Senator Eaton, of Conn.) voted *ay*; the remaining sixteen being republicans, and including besides Senator Morton, his greatest opponent, Senators Blaine, Cameron of Penn., Hamlin, Sargent, and Sherman. Twenty-one republicans and twenty-six democrats voted for the bill; sixteen republicans and one democrat and inglorious surrender.

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BRAINTREE DEPARTMENT.

ELLIOT'S LETTER.

High School Exhibition.

The usual exercises attendant upon the close of the school year and the graduation of a class from our High School occurred on Friday. The forenoon was devoted to an oral examination by the School Committee of the pupils—more especially the graduates—and was very interesting as showing the high standard of thoroughness and efficiency which has been reached under the hands of the present principal, Mr. C. E. Stetson, who has been ably assisted by Miss Reed. In the afternoon, at one o'clock, nearly 600 of the parents and friends of the graduates, including a large proportion of ladies, assembled in the Town Hall to witness the exhibition proper. The programme embraced twenty selections, and was composed of the usual essays, readings and declaimations, interspersed with vocal music by the pupils. The salutatory essay was delivered by Herbert W. White and the valedictory by Miss Katie B. Miles. Suspended from the clock was the class motto, beautifully worked in white letters upon a black background—"Fais ce que tu dois"; which was freely translated by the valedictorian, "Do your duty, come what may." The valedictory was followed by a graduating song, after which brief and earnest remarks were made by Rev. Messrs. Barrett and Morrison. The diplomas were presented by Naaman L. White, Esq., and at four o'clock the exercises were concluded. Comparisons may be allowed, as a rule, but the writer must be pardoned for mentioning as particularly excellent the declaimations by Messrs. Anglin and Keith and the essay of the valedictorian. The following are the graduates, all that are left of an original class of thirty-one members: Messrs. Herbert W. White, Charles G. Shepard, Charles W. Hollis, Herbert C. Keith, and Henry F. Anglin; and Misses Annie T. Barrett, A. Jennie Willis, Gracie P. Randall, and Katie B. Miles. The class, in grateful testimony of their indebtedness to their teachers, presented the principal with an elegant photograph album and his assistant with two handsomely-bound volumes—one of prose and the other poetry.

Braintree Accidents.

Sunday evening the horse of a Mr. Record of South Weymouth backed against a moving locomotive at the South Braintree station and pretty thoroughly demolished the sleigh to which he was attached. The gentleman was not injured. A much more serious accident occurred Saturday evening to Mr. Charles Hill, son of the Mr. Hill whose face is so well known at the Braintree station. He was thrown from a sleigh and had one of his legs broken, and will probably be laid up many weeks, which in itself will be a severe trial to an active young man like him.

Not So, After All.

And now the knowing ones say that the Thayer Academy clock-dial *isn't* to be repainted; in fact, Mr. Asa French, one of the trustees, intimated to the writer in a conversation a few days since that it was doubtful if the proposed alteration would be made. It would be interesting to calculate how many of our citizens have been *factious* concerning the clock since it was first set in motion; it seems as if all *hands* had struck in to join the outcry raised by the *bell*-agents—but I will not *diel*-ate further on the subject, it's too *weighty*.

Sheppard's Jubilee Singers
sang before a goodly audience in the Methodist Church, South Braintree, Monday evening. The selections were twenty in number and were rendered with the characteristic "darky" intonation and melody, much to the satisfaction of those present.

Accident.
On Wednesday of last week Mr. Joseph Tuck, employed as a locomotive fireman on the Old Colony Railroad, cut his right hand quite severely and was off duty two or three days in consequence.

Vacation.
All the schools are enjoying a vacation this week, but on Monday morning next the pupils will face their books again.

by the Inventor, S. S. SPEAR, of

Pungs,
Bakers, Grocers, or other business
Main Street.

**We shall Offer Great
to Cash Buyers.**
's Overcoats,
(Heavy and Durable)

\$4, \$5 and \$6.
's Overcoats,
\$3.50 to \$10

**'s Overcoats,
\$8, \$9 and \$10**

**drden's Overcoats,
\$2.50 to \$8.**

Elyian Overcoats.

**for \$12.
er Elyian for
14 and \$16.
er Elyian for
18 and \$20.
22, \$4 and \$27.**

**are all fine, fresh goods
very stylish, and will
you.**

Beaver Overcoats

nes, Blacks and Browns.

\$12, \$15, \$18 and \$20.

that we sold last year for

TURERS' PRICES, and we

to receive his friends at the

with fine effect. A Reading by Lillie B. Dyer, and a Declamation by Eben W. Shepard followed, and next in order came an essay entitled "Divination," by Miss T. Barrett, well and carefully written and well read, followed by a song, "The Climbing Bells of Long Ago," solo and chorus by Jennie Willis and others. Master Charles G. Shepard's "Essay," "Room enough at the Top," that followed, this song, was one of marked ability, and if the young gentleman who delivered it had only felt a little more confident of his ability and the real merit of his production, no pupil in the class could have distanced him. Our only criticism was that he was too modest about it.

Azorlal Mason read a eulogy on Mother Goose very nicely, and Charlie Hollis gave a declamation, "A Highway to the Pacific," with considerable spirit. Clara Keith read "Willie and Annie's Prayer" very finely, and Jennie Willis' "Essay" that followed, subject "Old Pros," was well written and quite an ingenious production. It was also well read, as were all the essays.

After a short recess Fred Hollingshead gave as a declamation, "New England Weather," by Mark Twain, which created no little merriment in the audience.

A duet on the piano was very finely executed by Gertie Morrison and Fannie Remie. Herbert Keith's Declamation, "Personal Influence," was next in order, and was very finely rendered. Gracey Randall read an essay, "What shall the Harvester be," which was very prettily written, well read, and full of earnest practical thoughts. Henry T. Anglin followed with a Declamation, "Charles Sumner," which was not excelled by anything in the programme. A Reading by Sue Hayward was next on the programme. Her selection was "Old John Burns," which was read finely. After a song, "God of Evening," the Valedictory Essay was read by Katie B. Miles. This was also a very creditable effort and was very prettily rendered, especially her words of farewell to committee, teachers, classmates and schoolmates. The class song was then sung, and remarks were made by Rev. Fiske Barrett and Rev. Mr. Morrison, expressing their satisfaction in the exercises, and giving words of counsel and encouragement to the young ladies and gentlemen who were taking leave of school.

N. L. White, Esq., then presented the diplomas with appropriate remarks. He was attacked with a slight faintness in the course of his remarks, but a glass of water soon revived him, and he continued.

The class motto is, "Do your duty, come what may;" the first clause of which was inscribed upon their banner, "Fais ce que tu dois," and hung up in a conspicuous place in the hall. The exercises closed with prayer by Rev. A. H. Johnson.

The Braintree Temperance Union.

Held a meeting in Lyceum Hall Sunday evening last. After singing "Hold the Fort," Rev. Thomas Emerson read a passage of Scripture and offered prayer. The President made a few opening remarks and called upon Joseph Shaw, Esq. Remarks followed by Messrs. Locke and Lyndon, and Miss S. L. Burnham read a short selection with good effect. More remarks on the subject followed by Messrs. Goodwin, Gregg and Fogg. Singing was interspersed through the exercises.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held a meeting in G. H. Hall on Saturday afternoon, to discuss plans for the Convention. It resulted in an indefinite postponement of the matter.

Dramatic.
Tuesday evening an entertainment was given by the Braintree Dramatic Association in Lyceum Hall. Immediately upon the opening of the doors the hall commenced filling and was full long before the exercise commenced. The entertainment was opened with a song by Mrs. Levi Tower, of Cambridge, "Where the Thorn is white Blossoms." She was accompanied on the piano by R. Elmer Morrison, Esq., the well known organist.

The appearance with which this effort was received was almost an encore, "Widow Bedot" was then announced and the curtain rising showed Mrs. Bradford Denton in costume for the venerable widow, and she entertained the audience by an account of the old lady and her poetry. A song by Mrs. Tower received a decided endorsement to which she kindly responded with that charming little ballad, "O don't be sorrowful Darling." The drama, "The Spirit of '56, or The Coming Woman," was then announced. This drama in three acts was admirably rendered, with the following cast of characters: Tom Carberry, R. Elmer Morrison, Esq., the well known organist.

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Bakers, Grocers, or other business

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THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

A GLANCE AT THE FIFTEEN "IMMORTELLES"—HOW THEY LOOK, ACT AND TALK—A PONDEROUS TRIBUNAL.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 5th, 1877.

Whatever may be thought of the new quantity that has entered into the national problem, there can be no exception taken to the representative ability of its membership. With the single exception of Geo. F. Hoar, the members of the Electoral tribunal may be said to be the unanimous choice of the high contracting parties. A bitter canvass developed the fact that the party looking to Mr. Blaine as its leader and future dependence, is in the majority, the defeat of Mr. Hale, its champion, being affected by but two votes, and a large number supporting Mr. Hoar in a questionable desire for conciliation, without being in accord with his peculiar and unpopular sentiments. For the same reason that Mr. Hoar was given a seat on the Commission by the House, Mr. Conkling was refused one by the Senate; the substitution of Mr. Morton being a genuine victory of the Republican party pure and simple, through its radical wing. As a whole the Commission is otherwise strongly organized. Geographically distributed, New England has four members; the West five; the Middle States four; the South and Pacific, each one. Ohio heads the local distribution, with Senator Thurman, and Representatives Garfield and Payne, Massachusetts and New Jersey follow with Representatives Hoar and Abbott from the one, Justice Bradley and Senator Frelinghuysen from the other—Maine takes the presiding Justice, Clifford, and Vermont the Chairman of the Senate delegation.

THE CHAMBER OF THE COMMISSION.

The Commission is located in the Supreme Court room, formerly the Senate Chamber, whose walls have clung to the tones of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and the long list of forensic giants, whose souls are doubtless marching on, with a sincere desire on the part of the spirit to hover over the strange deliberations of their luckless successors, and such their possible propensities to leap the constitutional wall for so many years restrained their own inclinations and deeds. The apartment is semi-circular, with a dome having circular apertures to admit the light, and laid off in massive squares in stucco. The seats occupied by the Court are on a raised platform with a background of maroon hangings, and Ionic columns of *bucero*, a variegated marble found somewhere along the Potomac, supporting a small gallery now devoted to the press, in limited accommodation. The chamber is gloomy in appearance, poorly lighted and sombre in shade. The seat occupied during the session of the Supreme Court by the Chief Justice, is now filled by the ponderous form of Justice Clifford, danted on either side by his judicial colleagues, and they in turn supported by the members from the Senate and House. The entire space, which is a good fit for the nine ponderous ravens who maintain the national reputation for impartial and appellate justice, is certainly a tight fit for the fifteen dignitaries who constitute the new conglomeration. The effect is seen in the overflow which has driven Senator Bayard on the left and Mr. Hoar on the right to the seats usually occupied by the Clerk and Marshal of the Supreme Court. The apartment is about seventy-five by forty-five, and arranged to seat with comfort not over eighty people. The bar is devoted to the Counsel on either side, and the gentlemen designated as "objectors." So much for the scene of labor of the Tribunal that is to give us a President and expected to head all difficulties, and satisfy everybody.

ITS PERSONNEL.

At a glance the Commission presents an unusually respectable appearance. With the exception of Justice Field, the delegation contributed from the Supreme bench are disposed to run to adipose matter, receiving excellent support from Senators Morton and Thurman, and Representative Hoar. Senator Bayard contributes the perpendicularity; Senator Frelinghuysen the epitome, and Justice Field, Senator Edmunds and Representatives Garfield and Payne the preeminent respectability. The whole detachment is as bald of crown as could be desired. Individually it is well balanced, able cultured and well informed.

Justice Clifford, its presiding officer by virtue of seniority on the bench, is from Maine, but born in New Hampshire, has been Attorney General, and was appointed on the Supreme bench by President Buchanan. He is corpulent of figure, gray to desperation, and conceals a twinkle of humor in a judicial eye otherwise stern and impenetrable. With predictions radically bourgeois, he is believed to be the only member of the Supreme bench morally inclined of divesting himself of political preference.

Justice Miller is from Iowa, and maintains the banner reputation of his State as an intense radical, but capable of putting political feelings to the severest test in the administration of justice. He is partly of figure, and will kick the beam at some where near two hundred apertures. He was a strong personal friend of President Lincoln, who appointed him in 1862, at the same time with Davis and Swaine, the former his confidant and executor.

Justice Field is from California and was appointed by President Lincoln in 1862. Originally a democrat he advocated a vigorous prosecution of the war, and by force of circumstances dropped into the republican camp, like Logan, Dix, Stanton, and Bon Butler. He was opposed to the congressional plan of reconstruction, and has drifted about with political winds until I believe he is claimed by the democrats, and as such was made a member of the Commission. Sociedad he is well liked, with several naughty stories hanging to the hem of his garments, the penalty men pay sometimes for being in exalted places.

to appear the envy of the less fortunate. Justice Strong was chosen with Miller to represent the republicans, which by the way, is considered a questionable choice.—He is a native of Connecticut, but migrated to Pennsylvania when a boy, to teach school and study law at Reading.—He is likewise corpulent of figure, and bald of crown, presenting qualifications for the Supreme bench which President Grant took advantage of in 1870 and elevated him. He is enjoying the domestic happiness of a third wife and looks in his inclinations, clear in his judgments, learned and fair minded.

Justice Bradley, "the fifteenth man," who is rather looked upon as the umpire in all this complication, is from New Jersey and is also an appointee of Grant, and the only member from the bench who is known to be unequivocally a republican.—Fish, Frelinghuysen and Robson, have the credit of being his sponsors and of certifying to his general good character. He is of good size, gray and dignified. Bradley occupies the house once owned by Senator Douglas, and is considered worth \$150,000.

THE SENATORIAL COMMISSIONERS.

It would be difficult to select a stronger team than Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Thurman and Bayard. I believe all of these gentlemen have been Governors of their respective states. Three of them at least have been Chief Justices of their Superior Courts. With one exception all have strong party opinions and are tenacious of them as war-politicians.—The exception, Mr. Edmunds, hails from one of the most overwhelmingly republican constituencies, but prides himself in his independence, and has the reputation at the Capital of holding aloof from caucuses and being unfettered by caucus promises. In previous letters I have personally described Mr. Morton and Mr. Bayard so fully that I can add nothing further at this juncture. They are physical, political, mental and social antipodes; are of about the same age, experience and temperament, and in their parties occupy much the same level. Neither is believed to be capable of setting partizanship to one side and administering impartial and unbiased justice.

Senator Thurman, as some one has said of somebody else, carries about with him a face that "shows a heavier pressure of solemnity to the square inch than any human physiognomy in America." He is opined to the extreme, as objective as Edmunds, and looks upon the Yankee as the personification of duplicity and egotism; opposes the republican party from principle and will oppose his own party should it ever get into power. He is a Senator Don Platt, aggressive, combative and acrid. Among his accomplishments is that of being the best French scholar in the Senate and a connoisseur of literature in general. With no particular fondness for Mr. Tilden he will work hard in his interest in the hope that by doing so he will shelve him from the race in 1880.

Senator Frelinghuysen represents the administration on the Commission in command with Gen. Garfield. He is rich in that world's goods; of sound legal training, and a frank and genial temperament; of great Dutch extraction like Secretary Fish, he is solid, plodding and hospitable as well. He favored the compromise bill and having worked hard for its adoption, will be likely to judge impartially, and reap the fruits of the compromise for weak or weak.

THE HOUSE DELEGATION.

is headed by Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, who represents a Cleveland constituency and supplies the item of respectability to the House majority. Mr. Payne is of medium build, inclined to grayness of hair and beard, and dresses with taste and precision. He has a financial hobby which he is ready to let a head before retiring to private life; for with all his respectability he suffered a bad defeat in October at the hands of his republican opponent.

Epa Hoar, of Virginia, hails from Fauquier county, and was a Brigadier General in the rebel army. He is the sole representative from the South, and is a lawyer of eminence in his section, which is not a superior recommendation by the way, and is looked upon by the democrats as a man of unusual ability and impartiality in judgment. Of Judge Abbott, who is occupying the seat to which Mr. Frost was elected, it is unnecessary to speak, he being generally known as a man who will hesitate at nothing likely to benefit the democratic party, right or wrong. A queer story is circulating as the cause of Judge Abbott's selection by the democratic caucus.—It seems that Judge Hoar, during the discussion of the theme frequently referred to the opinion of Judge Abbott. "This must be sound law," says Hoar, "for it is the words of my honorable colleague, Judge Abbott, in the case of Smith vs. Smith," and so frequently did such references occur, that it was apparent to all that Hoar is strongly influenced by the legal acumen of Abbott. So sayeth Hoar has been selected by the republican caucus, Abbott's man, and Abbott it is. I give the story for what is worth.

Body Found.—A boy named Michael Ashe, residing in North Weymouth, while returning home, with his brother, from the railroad station late afternoon, found a box lying near the fence between J. W. Bartlett's land and the Cemetery, and on opening it the body of a female infant was discovered. That evening J. W. Bartlett, Esq., of the Board of Selectmen, being notified of the discovery of the body, summoned Coroner Geo. W. White, Jr., who took charge of the body, and delivered it into the care of Undertaker Samuel Curtis. An investigation of the affair solved the mystery, it being found that the child belonged to a family named Neal, born about a month ago, and which lived but a few moments after birth. The body was put into the box and taken to the cemetery to be placed in a tomb, but as the tomb could not be opened at the time, the remains were left there until the tomb could be opened, and in the meantime some person removed the box to the place where it was found. The body was turned over to the parents by Coroner White, after this explanation had been made. A statement was made in the Boston Herald that the death of the child was caused by strangulation, and as it might have been inferred from the reading of the paragraph that this was the opinion of Dr. W. F. Hathaway, who examined the body, that paper afterwards states that it was incorrect. Dr. Hathaway refused to express any opinion in the matter.

Weymouth Band.—The annual meeting of the Weymouth Band was held last Saturday evening, and the band was reorganized for the business of 1877, by choice of the following officers:

C. L. Stetson, Leader.
M. S. Orcutt, 2d Leader.
R. B. Raymond, Conductor.
Jason Gardner, Clerk and Treasurer.

The band now numbers 21. Arrangements are being made for their annual concert, which is to be given Fast Night.

The Lenten Services.

In Trinity church, Weymouth, will begin on Ash Wednesday evening, 14th inst., at 7 o'clock, and in addition to the usual Sunday services, continue on each successive Wednesday evening. The Rev. B. B. Kimball, of Emmanuel church, Boston, may be expected to deliver the first lecture.

Killed by the Cars.

The large Newfoundland dog owned by Francis Ambler, Esq., was run over by the S. A. M. train to Boston last Friday, at the crossing in East Braintree, and cut in two pieces. The dog weighed 120 lbs.

Sale of Yacht.

Mr. Edwin Worster's fine yacht, one of the best in the Weymouth squadron, has been sold to Mr. Benj. Curtis, of Quincy, the boat house and appurtenance being included in the sale.

Social Dance.

The ladies of the Universalist Society of Weymouth Landing give another of their private parties at Lincoln Hall, this evening.

Temperance Address.

E. A. Morse, Esq., of Canton, will lecture in the Baptist church, Weymouth, at 7-8 o'clock, next Sunday evening.

New Restaurant.

Mr. Wm. G. Thayer has closed his billiard hall and fitted up a room in the lower part of his market house for the convenience of persons wanting meals of any kind. Give him a call.

Aquæ Gloria.

The name of a new journal recently issued under the editorship of Dr. Theron H. Wales, of Elmira, N. Y., formerly of Weymouth. Sociedad he is well liked, with several naughty stories hanging to the hem of his garments, the penalty men pay sometimes for being in exalted places.

Justice Field is from California and was appointed by President Lincoln in 1862. Originally a democrat he advocated a vigorous prosecution of the war, and by force of circumstances dropped into the republican camp, like Logan, Dix, Stanton, and Bon Butler.

He was opposed to the congressional plan of reconstruction, and has drifted about with political winds until I believe he is claimed by the democrats, and as such was made a member of the Commission. Sociedad he is well liked, with several naughty stories hanging to the hem of his garments, the penalty men pay sometimes for being in exalted places.

TOWN AND VICINITY.

The Perkins Literary Union held a semi-monthly meeting on Monday evening, a larger number attending than usual. The president called the meeting to order, and after the reading of the Secretary and Lecture Committee reports, a vote of thanks was tendered to the Lecture Committee, which is to be published in the local paper. A short discussion followed on the correspondence carried on between the Lecture Committee and Rev. Mr. Murray, but no definite action was taken in regard to the matter. The selection of officers followed, and the old board was re-elected, viz: President, Chas. Sheppard; Vice President, Walter Hunt; Executive Committee, G. W. Shaw, Miss Hammett, Miss Abbie Thayer; Treasurer, Edward Frary; Secretary, Miss C. T. Crane.

The programme of the entertainment for the evening was as follows: Piano duet, by Misses Mary and Lizzie Hunt, which was executed in a fine manner; the Trial Scene from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," the parts being represented by Mr. G. W. Shaw as Antonio; Mr. Fray as the Duke; F. W. Lewis as Shylock; Miss Nettie Knights as Portia; Miss Abbie Hunt as Nerissa; Mr. A. W. Blanchard as Gratiano; Mr. A. H. Burrell as Bassanio; Mr. Eben Sheppard as Salero. The different parts throughout were well read and elicited much praise from the audience. A piano solo, by Mr. Louis Tilden, was rendered in a very artistic manner. An intermission of a few moments followed, after which a quartette, consisting of Messrs. Mason, Batchelor, Amos, Blanchard and Misses Mary Richards and Hattie Baker, sang a piece, "In the Land over There," which drew forth much praise from the audience; a declamation followed by Harry Louis, entitled "Lafayette's visit to America," which was delivered in a thrilling manner and won great applause for the speaker. A declamation followed by Arthur Burrell, "The Last Revolutionary," which was well delivered.

The reading of Mrs. Inez Merrill deserves much praise, and is well done. A piano solo, by Mr. Louis Tilden, was rendered in a very artistic manner. An intermission of a few moments followed, after which a quartette, consisting of Messrs. Mason, Batchelor, Amos, Blanchard and Misses Mary Richards and Hattie Baker, sang a piece, "In the Land over There," which drew forth much praise from the audience; a declamation followed by Harry Louis, entitled "Lafayette's visit to America," which was delivered in a thrilling manner and won great applause for the speaker. A declamation followed by Arthur Burrell, "The Last Revolutionary," which was well delivered.

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TH LANDING.
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be found at his

OP ON BROAD STREET.
the services of a
lass Carriage Builder,
ING AND NEW WORK,
OTICE & REASONABLE RATES.

!Cheapest! Dispatch!

TO: apt; close attention to busi-
ness will be had at moderate

ALSO A ROOM OVER MY SHOP,
set high, which will be at moderate

WALDO TURNER.

YOUTH, Jan. 26, 1877.

wealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT,
of Kin, Creditors, and all other Persons
in the Estate of SIMEON SMITH,
late in said Court, to be ad-

plication has been made to said Court
to administer on the estate of
to Almon H. Belcher, of Weymouth,
who has been cited to appear at a Probate
Court at Quincy, in said County
on the 21st instant, to show cause, if any, for
not granting the same.

NOTICE.—It is directed to give
thereby, by publishing this Citation
in three successive editions of the Weymouth
Gazette, printed in the last publication to be two days
ago, George White, Esquire, Judge of
this eleventh day of January, in the
evening, at eight o'clock, in the Court-
room, J. H. COBB, Register.

4 C. R. B.—Change of Time.

On Monday a new timetable went into
effect on the Old Colony Railroad, the most
interesting change to South Braintree
was inward and 21 outward; South Braintree
has 18 inward and 20 outward, and East
Braintree 6 inward and 5 outward.

Four ladies, representing the W. C. T. U., called on a
gent who lets one of his buildings for a
beer saloon, and requested him to turn out
his tenant, or words to that effect. It is
stated that he informed them that he lease
had some time yet to run, and he conse-
quently could do nothing at present.

The Small Boy has got out his bag of marbles again, and
has taken possession of our sidewalks.—
"Knuckle down!"

Mrs. Emma Molloy, of Indiana, is
a plain-looking lady of thirty-five, or so,
and parts her hair on one side. She lectured
on temperance in G. A. R. Hall on
Tuesday evening to a crowded audience
and made a powerful appeal for teotolism and
prohibition.

ELLIOT.

Dramatic Entertainment.

The entertainment given by the Brain-
tree Dramatic Association on Wednesday
evening of last week, was fully equal to
that of the previous evening, of which I
give you an account in the last issue of
the Gazette.

First on the programme was a drama,
entitled "Good Signs," translated from
the German by Mr. George Tower, of this
town, with the following personages:—Mr. Billberg, Mr. Ibrahim Morrison, Caro-
line, his daughter, Mrs. N. E. Thayer; Brundish, his niece, Mrs. Ibrahim Mor-
rison; Mr. Hollis, Mr. Geo. Tower.—This latter being the chief role, was ad-
mirably rendered by Mr. Tower, his con-
ception of the character being perfect.—
All the parts were well sustained, and the
performance was well received.

Mr. N. E. Thayer then gave one of his
finest songs, "Waltz Her Angels," which
received a decided encore, and he responded
with "Happy Little Maiden," which
was also loudly applauded.

The farce, "My Turn Next," was then
announced and was received with a great
deal of merriment and applause. The
personages were: Taraxicus Twitters, a
village apothecary, Mr. W. Gage; Tim
Bulus, his professional assistant, Timmle
Weeks; Ton Trap, a commercial traveller,
Henry Vinton; Farmer Wheatear, Mr.
John Arnold; Lydia, Farmer's wife, Miss
Josie Dearing; Ciedy, her niece, Miss
Carrie Gregg; Peggy, Miss Cora Bates.—
This was also admirably rendered, and
kept the audience in a roar about all the
time.

NOTICE.—One of the saddest events that we have
known for a long time is the death of Mrs.
Charles Mann, a wife of less than twelve
months, a mother less than two weeks, and
an only child. She died last Saturday
forenoon at her residence, surrounded by
heart-broken friends. One of the loveliest
girls of our neighborhood, a member of the
Sabbath School, she was dearly loved by
a large circle of friends. A year ago last
summer, her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Worcester Hollis, watched
her through a serious illness that threatened
her life. She was spared then, and
eleven months ago she became the wife of
one who had loved her for years, and entered the beautiful home that her husband
had prepared for her reception. Nothing
that love could provide was spared for her
happiness or comfort; nothing that human
skill could avail was left undone to spare
this beautiful young wife and mother to
the dear ones who cherished her so fondly;
but the Lord's ways are not as our ways,
and she has gone to inhabit the mansion
prepared for her by the Saviour's hands,
and bought for her by His precious blood.
To those she has left behind it seems a
long time to wait, but a precious change
has been given to fill the dreary blank
she has made in their lives; a precious lit-
tle girl, to be trained for immortality, and
it is a blessed legacy and a solemn responsi-
bility. The funeral services were held in
the First Congregational Church on Tues-
day afternoon, Feb. 6. Rev. Thomas Eun-
ison offered prayer at the home and Rev.
Daniel W. Walman, City Missionary of
Boston, conducted the services in the
church. The singing was by a quartette
as follows: Prof. Hiriam Wilde, Mrs. Hi-
ram Wilde, Miss Annie L. Arnold and Dr.
Magnus.

We shall Offer Great
to Cash Buyers.
s Overcoats,
\$4. \$5 and \$6.
' Overcoats,
\$3.50 to \$10
s Overcoats,
\$8, \$9 and \$10
ren's Overcoats,
\$2.50 to \$8.
Elysian Overcoats.

Elysian for
10 and \$12.
14 and \$16.
16 and \$18.
18 and \$20.
22, 24 and \$27.

are all fine, fresh goods
very, very stylish, and will
you.

Beaver Overcoats

Blacks & Browns.

\$12, \$15 and \$20.

that we sold last year for
URERS' PRICES, and we

STORE,

on St., oppoite the Cornhill,

to receive his friends at the

The Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED AT
Two Dollars per annum, in advance: Two
and a Half at the expiration of the year.
OFFICE, WASHINGTON SQUARE, WEYMOUTH, MASS.

C. G. EASTERRICK, EDITOR.
READING NOTICES INSERTED AT TEN
CENTS A LINE. PAMPHLET WORK EXECUTED IN A SUPERIOR
MANNER AT THIS OFFICE.

BRAINTREE DEPARTMENT.

ELLIOT'S LETTER.

Firemen's Ball.

The annual ball of the Wampatuck Hook
and Ladder Company, occurred in the Town
Hall last Friday evening. For some rea-
son the attendance was very small, not
over thirty couples being present.

The Reform Club

had a meeting in Monatiquet Hall on Mon-
day evening, relative to a proposition to
resuscitate the club and set the temperance
movement in motion again. Only about
eighteen were present and a committee of
two—Messrs. James Willis and Monroe
Belcher—was appointed to confer with the
W. C. T. U. regarding some proposed tem-
perance lectures and entertainments. It is
to be hoped that the club will be able to
keep alive and occupy its name. Properly
managed the movement proposed is ca-
pable of doing much good in the com-
munity.

G. A. R. Socie.

Last evening the members of Gen. Syl-
vester Thayer Post #7, G. A. R., "tripped
the light fantastic" very pleasantly in their
hall until about midnight, to the music of
Fuller's orchestra.

Bad Habits

are like wants—they grow on a man.

The Revival Meetings
at the Methodist Church still continue.—
Daily evening prayer meetings are held,
and though the attendance is not large, as
yet, considerable interest is manifested.

Leisure.

Rev. M. R. Meredith, of Boston, lectured
upon "Leisure Hours" in the Methodist
Church on Wednesday evening.

New Market.

The premises lately vacated by Saundar's
Market in Holbrook Brook have been taken
this week by two gentlemen from Oxford,
Mass., named Southwell and Holman,
who will rent it and open for business soon.

C. C. R.—Change of Time.

On Monday a new timetable went into
effect on the Old Colony Railroad, the most
interesting change to South Braintree
was inward and 21 outward; South Braintree
has 18 inward and 20 outward, and East
Braintree 6 inward and 5 outward.

Four ladies, representing the W. C. T. U., called on a
gent who lets one of his buildings for a
beer saloon, and requested him to turn out
his tenant, or words to that effect. It is
stated that he informed them that he lease
had some time yet to run, and he conse-
quently could do nothing at present.

The Small Boy has got out his bag of marbles again, and
has taken possession of our sidewalks.—
"Knuckle down!"

Mrs. Emma Molloy, of Indiana, is
a plain-looking lady of thirty-five, or so,
and parts her hair on one side. She lectured
on temperance in G. A. R. Hall on
Tuesday evening to a crowded audience
and made a powerful appeal for teotolism and
prohibition.

ELLIOT.

Dramatic Entertainment.

The entertainment given by the Brain-
tree Dramatic Association on Wednesday
evening of last week, was fully equal to
that of the previous evening, of which I
give you an account in the last issue of
the Gazette.

NOTICE.—One of the saddest events that we have
known for a long time is the death of Mrs.
Charles Mann, a wife of less than twelve
months, a mother less than two weeks, and
an only child. She died last Saturday
forenoon at her residence, surrounded by
heart-broken friends. One of the loveliest
girls of our neighborhood, a member of the
Sabbath School, she was dearly loved by
a large circle of friends. A year ago last
summer, her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Worcester Hollis, watched
her through a serious illness that threatened
her life. She was spared then, and
eleven months ago she became the wife of
one who had loved her for years, and entered the beautiful home that her husband
had prepared for her reception. Nothing
that love could provide was spared for her
happiness or comfort; nothing that human
skill could avail was left undone to spare
this beautiful young wife and mother to
the dear ones who cherished her so fondly;
but the Lord's ways are not as our ways,
and she has gone to inhabit the mansion
prepared for her by the Saviour's hands,
and bought for her by His precious blood.
To those she has left behind it seems a
long time to wait, but a precious change
has been given to fill the dreary blank
she has made in their lives; a precious lit-
tle girl, to be trained for immortality, and
it is a blessed legacy and a solemn responsi-
bility. The funeral services were held in
the First Congregational Church on Tues-
day afternoon, Feb. 6. Rev. Thomas Eun-
ison offered prayer at the home and Rev.
Daniel W. Walman, City Missionary of
Boston, conducted the services in the
church. The singing was by a quartette
as follows: Prof. Hiriam Wilde, Mrs. Hi-
ram Wilde, Miss Annie L. Arnold and Dr.
Magnus.

T. H. Dearing. The floral decorations
were profuse and beautiful. The remains
were carried to Mt. Wollaston for burial.
This sad providence has cast a gloom over
the whole community, and the deepest
sympathy is felt with the stricken husband
and parents.

Recovering.

The boy who was so severely injured,
Charlie Hill, is reported as in a much
more hopeful condition. Dr. Dearing says
he is doing finely, as well as could be ex-
pected.

L. P. H.

EAST BRAINTREE.

Caught At Last.

There is no use fighting against fate; we
all have to accept the inevitable. It is
painful, we know, to comply with this
natural order of things, and it is in great
kindness that some of those "pigs" eat.

It is therefore supremely pleasant to note
the falling in line of those who have tried
to reverse the course of nature, although one
feels lonely when recording the fact. On
Wednesday afternoon, E. A. Newton,
Esq., superintendent at the Boston Flax
Mill, was married and took home his
bride, Miss Elsie Francis Lund, youngest
daughter of John Lund, Esq., of Braintree.
We have known Miss Lund ever
since she was a child, and she is every inch
a good girl.

"Wood" and married, and a',
Married and wood'd and a',
And was she ne'er very well off
That was wood'd, and married and a'.

The event caused quite a pleasant
surprise in the village, and there is a
universal expression of good wishes for the
future happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Newton.

MAC.

The Last Bark.

A natural phenomenon occurred
here one morning lately, which will go far
to confirm the opinion of some who hold
that a dog has just go so many barks in him.
On the morning in question a dog
which is much given to this habit of barking
and without any discoverable reason,
even when things are looked at from a dog's
point of view, commenced to bark about
two o'clock A. M. and continued exact to
the swing of the pendulum for about an
hour. During this period of perturbation,
turning wearisomly and disgusted upon
our pillow, we moralized thus: whence all
this waste? Why, there were barks there
which would have reflected honor upon
the whole canine race. There was the
offensive, the defensive, and aggressive bark;
there was the predatory, and the compulsatory bark; there were
pros and cons barks, and lots of other barks,
which could have been used to great
advantage, in times of special emergency, such
as "the 'tum peddlers" bark, which is a very
good bark generally, and the "tramps"
bark, which is also very good when
performed with *sharp*; there were also the
barbers bark, which has been known to
effect good results in many instances.
There were also the hereditary bark, the
heroic and the universal bark. Indeed we
have seldom listened to a sequence of barking
where so few barks could not have been
turned to good account. It is one
comfort, anyhow, that the dog that disturbed
our slumbers will never do so again,
and we "rest and are thankful."

MAC.

For Cleansing Paint,

Windows, Crockeryware, Earthenware,
and General Household Use. It is Unpasted.

For removing Paint, Varnish, Glace, Blacking,
and all impurities from the hands, it has no equal
in the market. See the Store of JOHN W. BAILES, Esq.,
4143.

TRY

Proprietary Preparations.

TRY

Townsend's Cologne!

A splendid article, unequalled by any Cologne in
the market. Large bottles, with patent sprinker
top, only 50 cents.

TRY

For Cleansing Paint,

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The Weymouth Gazette.

C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

This local paper has an extensive circulation in every town and city as an advertising medium has no superior in this vicinity.

5¢ READING NOTICES INSERTED AT TEN CENTS A LINE.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

How much money this old man Speed may be worth no one but himself knows; but it must be many millions. He spends but little, he gives away nothing, he lends only on good securities; but then he does no harm to anybody and he takes good care of himself, and of all his family. Yet there are many good-for-nothings in Brewsterville who are a plague to the community, who are always asking favors, who contract debts they have no means of paying, and are a trouble to their families, who are more loved and better liked than Creesus Speed.

I had occasion to pay a visit to this much-detested old millionaire a few days since; and I found him in the parlor, all alone, engaged in the absorbing occupation of cutting off coupons from his 5-20 bonds, for the purpose of collecting his January dividends. I must say that the sight was by no means an unpleasant one, and the old man's eyes really glistened with delight as he gath-ered up his tremulous hands the little bits of paper which represented so much gold and silver.

I could not resist the temptation of saying to him that he seemed very much gratified at the contemplation of so much of what the world called wealth, but which was in truth mere worthless dross.

"Dross, is it, Elder?" said he, "Pr'aps its 'tis. But wouldn't you like to have some of this? Come now."

Thinking that he might possibly intend offering me a few coupons, by way of a New Year's present, I replied that a reasonable sum'ld not be altogether unacceptable to me.

"I thought so," said the old fellow, as he carefully placed the coupons in a small iron box and nervously turned the key. "I thought so. I like to have a reasonable sum myself, and I am going to keep what I have got, if I can."

"Far be it from me, my good friend," said I, in a solemn and impressive manner, "to deprive you of a dollar of your wealth; but the time must come when you will be compelled to leave it all for some other person to enjoy."

"I know that," said he; "and, if they enjoy spending it as much as I have the keeping it, I don't care."

"You have not always been rich, my friend," I said, thinking it well to remind him of his early poverty.

"That's so," said he; "I haven't. And I can tell you this, Elder, that I have been poor, and now I am rich. And I tell you how it is; I'd a good deal rather be rich than poor."

"But there is one thing you should remember, my good friend," said I, laying my hand gently upon his shoulder: "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Do you hear that?"

"Of course, I do, Elder," said he. "I have heard that too often to forget it. I believe it, too. I ain't a fool, I hope. I don't expect to take all my bonds and mortgages with me, when I go out of the world; and, of course, I shall be as poor as Lazarus when I attempt to go into Heaven. You and I will be alike when we are dead. I don't calculate on taking any money with me into the next world."

"Then," said I, "why not dispense some of it now to the poor and needy, while you have the opportunity? God has blessed you abundantly that he expects you to share with others the wealth he has entrusted to your keeping."

"That's all trumpery!" said the old man, impatiently. "If God has entrusted money to my keeping, it is because he knows I'll keep it; and it would be a defiance of his goodness to go and give it away to a parcel of beggars, who would only squander it. If God wanted such fellows to be rich, why didn't he give them money, instead of giving it to me? No, I am not going to do any such thing. I am going to keep what I have got as long as I can, and I am going to get all I can. If you like to be poor, you may; but I am not going to be."

A SURPRISE PARTY IN CHICAGO.

So far as can be learned, there is but one instance in which a surprise party has been successfully worked and beaten off. This glorious achievement was the work of an ingenious and determined man residing in Chicago. Having reason to expect an attack, he severed the wire of the front door-bell and securely riveted the bell-handle to the door-post. He then sawed through the fastenings of the door-post, and, arming himself with a large club, lay in ambush behind the parlor window. The bandit approached in a solid phalanx at least thirty strong. A hoary-headed rascal who had achieved an infamous notoriety as a ringleader in surprise parties, donation riots, and other scenes of violence and crime, led the way, and boldly attempted to pull the door-bell. Urged on by his malignant disposition and a false report that the head of the house was suffering from a nervous headache, he pulled the bell-handle with all his force. The treacherous door-post gave way, crushing him in its fall, and sweeping the legs of a dozen bandits from under them as it rolled heavily down the steps. With a despairing yell the miscreants who were yet unhurt fled away, and the heroic householder saluted forth and humanely put the wounded out of misery with his club. In the morning the dustman removed a fourteen bandit, while a hospital for purposes of vivisection to a

THE BEE HUNT.

Majestic, indeed, was the forest we now traversed. At length we came to the foot of a large tree. Some of the branches were covered with foliage, others were decayed. Immediately the buzz of thousands of bees was heard. The air was almost darkened by the innumerable swarm.

The tree was so large that it would take the young men, with both their axes, nearly an hour to cut it down.— In the meantime Mr. Fales and we boys employed ourselves in collecting rolls of birch-bark for torches. Six were carefully prepared and formed into rolls about two and a half feet long and six inches in diameter. These, lighted at the end, would burn with a large and intense flame.

The blows of the axes fell fast and heavy upon the tree; but the trunk was so solid and the tree so high that the bees did not seem disturbed. In their distant security, they little imagined the destruction which was soon to overtake them.

At length the young men cried: "Look! Look!" The tree was ready to fall. A few more blows were struck, when majestically its lofty head began to bow. Faster and faster this giant of the forest descended, crushing in its way all opposing branches. As it struck the ground, it broke near the spot which the bees occupied. For a time they seemed to be in great consternation, astounded at the sudden vanishing of their home. While thousands adhered to the hive, other thousands were whirling through the air, in utter bewilderment. But very soon, as if by common agreement, they all assembled upon the vast amount of honey in the comb, some of which was in the cavity of the tree and some was strewn upon the ground. They could not have had any democratic convention. It would seem that their government must have been an absolute government. By a simultaneous movement, they commenced loading themselves with the honey and conveying it to a safe place of deposit, not far distant. This was so prompt that apparently the spot must have been previously designated.

The young men tied strings around the bottoms of their pants, to prevent the bees from creeping under. Handkerchiefs protected heads, faces, and necks. No part was exposed save a lookout from the eyes. With mittens on their hands and each with a torch blazing a foot high, they made a simultaneous attack upon the demolished fortress.

The doom of the bees was sealed.— They were impotent. They were asled by fire, fanned in anger which their weapons could not penetrate.— Still the helpless creatures fought with a valor worthy of all praise. The moment the men approached the whole body of bees abandoned all attempts to save from the wreck what honey they could, and in myriads assailed their foes.

They plunged their poisoned weapons into fent hats and wooden mittens, and homespun cloth. Their frantic endeavors were pitiable.

The flaming torches more destructive than any Greek fire which human ingenuity ever invented, in less than five minutes covered the ground with apparently thousands of corpses, burned to a cinder; while a great multitude of the wounded were crawling sadly along with their gauzy wings scorched from their bodies.

It was, indeed, a wonderful spectacle, and one calculated to produce upon the mind of a sensitive child an impression never to be obliterated.— Still the helpless creatures fought with a valor worthy of all praise. The moment the men approached the whole body of bees abandoned all attempts to save from the wreck what honey they could, and in myriads assailed their foes.

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The first Presbyterian minister in Virginia was Mr. Craig, born in the county of Antrim, Ireland. Col. Jas. Patton, who came from Donegal, Ireland, obtained from the Governor of Virginia a grant for 120,000 acres of land previous to 1753.

John Campbell, who came from Ireland in 1726, was an ancestor of Gen. Wm. Campbell, of the Revolutionary army, and also of Mrs. Gen. McDowell. The first settlers of the valley of the Shenandoah were from Ireland, among whom was John Lewis, a family now numerous in the United States. He had four sons, Thomas, Andrew, William and Charles, of whom Thomas was a member of the convention which ratified the constitution of the United States. Thomas had four sons who participated in the Revolutionary war, the youngest bearing an ensign's commission when only 14 years of age.— Andrew Lewis, the second son of John Lewis, was the general who commanded at the battle of Point Pleasant, and William, the third son, was a participant in the border wars, and an officer in the Revolutionary army, in which one of his sons was killed and one maimed for life.

In addition to these fragmentary reminiscences of families of Irish descent, is also recorded, among the immortal names of the patriot leaders who signed the Declaration of Independence, those of John Hancock, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton, James Smith, Geo. Taylor, George Read, Thomas McKean, Chas. Carroll, Edward Rutledge and Thomas Lynch, Jr.

— So when he entered the small office of a large lumber-yard in West Philadelphia, and softly asked: "Have you all kinds of board for sale?" The proprietor replied promptly: "Yes, sir! what sort will you have?" "I want," said the monster in disguise, "a few feet of Louisiana Returning Board!" The lumber-man smiled a sickly smile.

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reality of Money.
able but the presentation of al-
and important documents
family to look carefully to
What is coming on when children
up. Whooping Cough, etc. Congus
occur everywhere, and Consumption
Throat and Lung disease will carry
diseases should not be treated
expensive. You should advise
your Doctor's opinion. It
One bottle at 75 cents will keep
during the winter. Two doses will
Sold in all towns in the United
our Drugist, ALFRED WYSMAN,
Boston.

advertisements.

MACHINES, all kinds.



down! Balance in
Monthly Instalments!

ce of any in the Market!

INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN, WITH
EXPLANATION, IF NOT FULL-
ED!

Bought, Sold, Rented,
and Exchanged!

the sum of all custom-
ers, SHUTTLES, BORNS, AND
SCHWIBERS, &c.,
of Sewing Machine Repairs by ex-
perts.

WITT & BRANT,
Bromfield St.,
BOSTON.

AVITTY. J. M. BRANT
can also be left with J. M. Brant, East

34

OFFICE HOURS—Boston, from 9 A.M. to 12 M.

P.M. Weymouth, from 4 P.M. to 9 P.M.

something NEW!

Buy all your KITCHEN FURNI-
TURE LINED with MARBLE

at the

Good News

STORE.

A. F. LOVELL,

JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH

27th

HAY and STRAW!

Bundle Hay and Straw

FOR SALE BY

JOS. LOUD & CO.,

WEYMOUTH LANDING

Don't Forget

B. F. Godwin,

HAIR DRESSER,

JACKSON SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH

27th

M. FRENCH, Jr.,

DEALER IN

STOVES, RANGES, CARPET

SWEEPERS, Etc.

TIN ROOFING AND JOBBING DONE TO ORDER.

Clothes Wringer Repaired.

CORNICK SQUARE, EAST WEYMOUTH

27th

A. F. & H. L. Thayer,

Livery Stable

AND BOARDING,

Washington Square, Weymouth

27th

Carriages and Harnesses

CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE OR

EXCHANGE.

NATHAN T. JOY,

Corner of Broad and Main Streets,

EAST WEYMOUTH

HAY and STRAW

FOR SALE.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, first quality, Hay and

Staw, for sale at wholesale prices, BAKER'S EXPRESSES.

Also constantly on hand, Mineral Salt, for Horses,

Weymouth, April 10, 1876.

G. W. TINKHAM, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon,

OFFICE AT RESIDENCE, FRONT STREET,

WEYMOUTH, MASS.

DENTISTRY.

Now is the time for those who want a set of

Teeth to have them made, and Cures are a

sure and safe way.

Take a Specimen of our Preparation, and

Treatment, price 10c, and you will

see how well we will warrant a

perfect Cure of Cataract.

BRONCHITIS!

Why? because Asthma

is a contraction of the

Bronchial Tubes, caused

by the contraction of the

muscles, and Cough is a

direct result of the Bronchial

Contracture.

Pneumonia, and Air, will

directly and well, will warrant a

perfect Cure of Cataract.

ASTHMA!

Why? because Asthma

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Bronchial Tubes, caused

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muscles, and Cough is a

direct result of the Bronchial

Contracture.

PEPSIA, W.E.,

and Kid of the Air Passages, and

are treated by Dr. Tinkham, and

are caused by Catarrh.

We guarantee a

perfect Cure in

20 years.

remedies fall

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PRESIDENT MAKERS AND BREAKERS.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

PEN SKETCHES OF TWO MEN OF THE HOUR—THE DECISION OF THE COMMISSION IN THE FLORIDA CASE, AND HOW IT IS RECEIVED.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 12, 1877.

The two men most prominent in Washington today are Mr. Justice Bradley and David Dudley Field. The one, the Warwick of American history; the other, Dr. Kenealey. In the north wing of the Capitol are grouped three-score and ten of the representatives of the sovereign states—the ligature that binds the faces and completes that symmetrical whole which we call the Union. Scattered about the Senate Chamber, if one should care to peep in, may be found the courteous Ferry, but late the shuck of the sensational press; the bonanza kings, Jones and Sharpen; the merciful Booth; the angular Christianity; the octogenarian Cameron-Grave and reverend, they whisper their heroics to empty walls. On Monday the exhortation of the Chaplin fell in the ears alone of Senators Morill and Withers. The worthy Senator from the Green Mountain State moved a recess, which was obligingly seconded by the gentleman from the Old Dominion, and the vote theron was unanimous.

In the south wing Mr. Holman is quite as objective. Mr. Coxas witty, Mr. Springer as boquacious, Mr. Caulfield as stupid, and speaker Randall as intolerant and jaunty as ever. But jokes, objections, laconicity and stupidity, are alike indifferent to the ethiopian and tramp who slumber in the galleries, and the unprecedented rulings of the Chair are received in silence, and unprotected. At the other end of the Avenue a great chiefain, a firm patriot and an unashamed Chief Magistrate is in the midst of his family, and finding there his perfect peace and his highest aspiration, waits with anxiety and eagerness the hour of his retirement. In one-hundred-and-a-half of the Cabinet lies hovering “twixt life and death;” in another, the second officer of the “post cause” is waiting for the coming of the death angel, “whose wings already brush his sunken brow.” Between these two centers, glistening equipages are dashes, bearing feminine burdens of purple and fine linen, whose dainty folds glittering jewels peep out in dazzling brilliancy; footmen and coachmen in livery crack their whips at the starting unemploy'd, who from the depths of hollow eyes send back a feeble defiance; Cabinet ministers and Ambassadors are receiving in state; dinner parties and kettle-drums are in full blast; the gay melodies of Strauss and Offenbach are wafted from rosewood doors and window hangings.

In a little gloomy apartment of the Capitol, through whose dingy dome the sunlight filters in clary parties, a little group of fifteen men are impatiently listening to innumerable arguments, and endeavoring to maintain an equilibrium, while pealed with a fusillade of equilibriums. But all these “pale their ineffectual fires” before the front of the casual man of destiny. On him are centered the hopes of the republic; the blessings and the curses of partisans, the progress of patriots.

THE UMPIRE.

It was not among the least of the evils of the Compromise bill which created the Electoral Commission, that in wrenching from the constitutional grasp of the Vice-President the power to count the vote, it placed this illimitable power in the hands of another. In former letters in these columns, I have—perhaps unadmirably—pointed out the very possibility, which now mounts to a certainty, in stating that whether the Vice-President, or the old member of a final Tribunal, the power of deciding the Presidential complication depends upon the action of some one individual. I held then, and endeavored to prove, as every one now holds, and can prove, that it were better that a non-partisan power, which had counted in every preceding President, should count in the next one, than that he should be determined by the hazard of a die. “Will not this supreme Tribunal divest itself of partizan feeling,” said the idealists, the advocates of the measure. “To be sure not,” replied the materialists, “it is unreasonableness, absurd and unnatural.” “We rise above partizanship” said the immaculate Democracy, “and are satisfied to permit the judicial portion of the Commission to select the deciding member.” And yet they cried “fraud!” the moment the legislature of Illinois removed Judge Davis to the Senate, and shout “partizanship” in the ears of Judge Bradley, because he reconciled the law and the fact with his political opinion, and counted Florida for Hayes. “It were folly,” said the democratic press, “to suppose that republican judges could rise above partizanship,” and when the republicans retort, “How about the democratic judges?” they voiceless no reply.

Judge Bradley is the all-important item of the Tribunal. To him the counsels address their arguments, to him his associates direct the power of their rhetoric, and upon his vote they hang breathless with the most painful anxiety. On his casting vote, for it is evident that his associates will vote with their parties, depends the final result; on his decision depends the character of the administration of the nation for the next four years. Thus far he has on essential points voted with his party, and there being every reason to believe that the action of the Commission in deciding not to go before the Returns in the Florida case will apply to that of Louisiana as well, the fortunes of the party to which Judge Bradley belongs are certainly benefited by his position on the Commission. The fact that his course is the course of the right, does not affect the main question, except that it shows conclusively, that had the party predilections of the odd member been democratic, the fact and the right would have been defeated. The Compromise bill was the pet object of the friends of Mr. Tilden, and should they be “hoisted with their own petard” their weeping and wailing and

TOWN AND VICINITY.

Concert.

Mr. W. J. D. Leavitt, organist at Tremont Temple, Boston, gives the third annual concert of his pupils in Boston Music Hall, Saturday, Feb. 17, at two P. M. Several musical works new to this country are to be presented on this occasion.

Atstonshed Mole.

The well-known form of the rag gatherers mole was known to us in last Monday afternoon, by collision with the locomotive of the 34 express train from Boston, near the flax mill pond bridge in East Braintree.

Sharp Reply.

The workmen in a factory in a neighboring town have for several years past been granted the privilege of quitting work at 5 o'clock instead of 6, on Saturday afternoons, the privilege being granted by the foreman, who has recently deceased, and a new foreman appointed in his place. Last Saturday the men quit as usual, and when it was inquired of them of the reason, the reply was made that the deceased foreman had made the rule, “Well,” said he, “that man is dead and his rule dies with him.” A lively little Irishman steps up as a spokesman for the men, saying, “George Washington is dead; therefore let the country go to the devil.” The privilege is to be continued, in reward for the logical conclusion.

Personal.

Mr. Charles G. Sheppard, president of the Perkins Literary Union, left on Friday last, for Poughkeepsie, New York, to attend Eastman's Business College in that city. He has the best wishes of his many friends.

Notes.

The next meeting of the Perkins Literary Union will take place on Monday evening next, at which there will be the usual literary exercises, including the reading of the paper by Mrs. Hammatt. There will also be very excellent music furnished by Mr. Benj. Clapp, cornet, Miss Lizzie Pratt, piano, and other proficients in musical art.

The entertainment proposes to be one which very few of the members will care to miss.

Rotundous Exercises.

The regular Sunday evening meeting held in the vestry of the Union Church, commenced at 5 o'clock, and that on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. All are welcome and cordially invited to assist in the exercises.

Base Ball.

The Tilden B. C. of Weymouth have reorganized and elected the following officers: Thomas Moriarty, Manager; White Conklin, Captain; G. Bates, Secretary. This club is ready to receive challenges and the game of baseball.

Gates Ajar.

Is a work which has been read by thousands, with pleasure and profit; but when one's shins are barked and neck endangered by the “beautiful gates” which swing outward across our sidewalks and are across shut, “gates ajar” become a source of positive pain and emphatic execration.

Farwell.

Rev. J. A. Cruzan has resigned the pastorate of the East Weymouth Congregational Church, and delivered his closing discourse last Sunday afternoon. We learn that the reason of his departure is the ill effects of the climate of New England upon his wife's health. He has accepted a pastorate in Missouri. The friends of Mr. C. presented him with a purse of \$75 last Sunday evening, as a testimonial of their regard.

The Lecture.

Of Elijah A. Morse, Esq., of Canton, given in the Baptist church at the Landing, was so largely attended that the vestry was found insufficient to accommodate the audience, and the church was opened for their accommodation, pews and aisle being packed with attendants. The lecture was supplemented with appropriate music, including an original temperance song written and sung by Rev. Mr. Wright, with a chorus and organ accompaniment, entitled “Come sign the Pledge.” The lecture was one of Mr. Morse's happiest efforts, and was heartily enjoyed by his hearers.

Dead.

A valuable cow belonging to Mr. Francis Richards, of the Landing, has been sick with her udder all for three weeks past, and to end her suffering she was put out of misery yesterday by Dr. Cutting.

Masonic Belief.

At an adjourned meeting of the Masonic brethren of the 10th Masonic District, held in Delta Lodge Hall, last Saturday evening, the By-laws presented by the Committee were adopted, and the meeting was again adjourned to tomorrow evening, when the election of officers will be held.

The Chapel Quartette.

Assisted by Miss Ida Young, soprano, Mrs. A. B. Pratt, alto, Mr. C. W. Bailey, basso, and W. F. Burritt, pianist, gave a concert in Faxon Hall, Quincy, on Wednesday evening, to a crowded house. After the concert the singers were invited to the residence of Mr. John Drake, where a bountiful supper had been provided, and the time was passed in a most agreeable manner.

The Social Club Ball.

At Weymouth Town Hall, last Friday evening, was attended by a large number of their friends, one hundred couple coming on the door. Mr. Geo. Davis, caterer, furnished the supper, which was *coupe de la chance*. The net profit of the ball amounted to \$40.

Temple of Honor.

Granite Temple of Honor, No. 43 of Quincy, is doing well and increasing in membership, having now 52 members.

The Woman's Temperance Union.

Takes pleasure in announcing that Miss R. A. Foxon of Braintree will give a familiar talk for the benefit of the Union, in their rooms next Wednesday evening, Feb. 21st. Miss Foxon's will be incidents connected with her travels abroad, particularly in Venice. Price of admission 10cts.

A Sabbath School Concert.

Will be held in the Baptist church, Weymouth, next Sunday evening.

Leisure Service.

At Trinity Church on Wednesday evening next, Rev. Mr. Wright, of South Boston, will deliver a lecture appropriate to the season of Lent.

The Bottom Reform.

Is that of the boot manufacturers of Hopkinton, who have taken a decided stand on the temperance question, and have voted unanimously to number no rumseller among their hundreds of employees. The resolution is as follows:—“We the undersigned, for our own good, and for the good of the community in which we live, hereby agree to employ no person in our factories or in any branch of our business, who does sell or shall cause to be sold any intoxicating liquors on their own or our premises by any member of their family, either by husband, wife, or children. A. Coburn, Son & Co., S. & A. Cooks & Co., Erastus Thompson & Co., N. P. Coburn, C. A. Cladlin, Bridges & Co.”

SOUTH WEYMOUTH.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH, Feb. 12, 1877.

Mr. Editor—One of the most agreeable entertainments of the season was the return of the South Weymouth High School at Music Hall last Friday evening. It was arranged under the direction of Miss Alice Rogers, assistant teacher in the school, assisted by Alvah Raymond, Jr. and Elbridge Nash.

It isn't often I get out to reunions, socials and the like, but when the neatly printed invitation of Miss Rogers came, selecting the presence of Mr. Kirk, I felt bound to go, particularly as the school was commendable, and the lady, by her untiring zeal, deserving of success. The weather was that all could be desired, and the hall was filled with a fine audience of their friends and with many hearty thanks from those they left behind for their visit.

II.

EAST WEYMOUTH.

Concert Party.

One of the most enjoyable parties of the season came off Thursday evening, Feb. 10th, at the residence of C. P. Joy, Esq.—The party was gotten up to celebrate the eighty-fourth anniversary of the birthday of grandma Joy. The company consisting of the relatives and immediate neighbors, met at the house of Nathan T. Joy, and at 7:12 o'clock the order was given to move. The garrison being completely surprised, surrendered unconditionally, and the *fort* was taken possession of by the raiders and held. The first thing in order was music of the old time, with an orchestra of five pieces and a large number of singers, under the direction of F. B. Bates, Esq., the veteran conductor—old Northfield, Majesty and Lemox being given with a will. Grandma Joy joined in with the rest, showing the visitors that for the time, at least, she was “just as young as she used to be.” In dancing and games, interspersed with singing, the hours passed rapidly, and after partaking of a generous collation the visitors retired to their homes, wishing grandma Joy continued good health and that she might live to celebrate her centennial.

Mary L. Tirrell was born in East Weymouth, Feb. 15th, 1833. The house in which she was born is still standing and occupied at present by the widow Ezra Tirrell. Many of our older citizens remember her as the teacher of the Middle St. School for three terms. She was married to Ezra Tirrell in 1846. Of this union 7 children were born—3 sons and 4 daughters, all of whom are living; 7 grandchildren, and 15 great grandchildren, making a total of 41 living descendants, 22 bearing the family name. Surely to her is Middle St. indebted for most of its *Joys*. In 1861 she met with a severe accident, breaking her hip and obliging her to use crutches notwithstanding she has enjoyed remarkable good health, not having needed the services of a Doctor since. After the death of her husband the old home was broken up and the honest old sold, and has its wings on the side of its head. The thing of most note is that she has enjoyed remarkable good health, not having needed the services of a Doctor since. After the death of her husband the old home was broken up and the honest old sold, and has its wings on the side of its head. The thing of most note is that she has enjoyed remarkable good health, not having needed the services of a Doctor since.

The thing, however, that took hold of my heart strings on this festive occasion was the reading of Mr. Horace Lunt. He read three selections only, but they were excellent and gave much satisfaction. The first piece was “The Story of the Master's Mate” of the famous gun boat “Essex,” the flag ship of that old hero, Com. Foote. I know not how others were affected, but I confess to two good sized tears that lodged in the corners on each side of my nose. There was infinite pathos in some of the stories of war, and Mr. Lunt appears to know how to bring it out. Many have expressed the desire to hear him again, and I understand that certain parties are making arrangements to secure his services for another entertainment.

A song and accompaniment by Miss Marden, a young lady from Boston, and a piano solo by Miss Ida Rosenthal, completed the musical part of the programme.

Then came the dancing, and most of the young folks had a good time, but when young lady's fingers seemed to rattle along the keys with marvelous dexterity.

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and a half at the expiration of the year.
OFFICE, WASHINGTON SQUARE, WEYMOUTH, MASS.
C. G. EAST-BERBROOK, EDITOR.

NOTICE.—NOTICES INSERTED AT TEN
CENTS A LINE, POSTPAID.

PASSENGERS EXECUTED IN A SUPERIOR
MANNER AT THIS OFFICE.

BRAINTREE DEPARTMENT.

ELLIOT'S LETTER.

South Braintree's Business.

The following statistics show the business condition of the village of South Braintree on the first of January last: On that day there were two grocery or "general" stores, a fancy goods store, clothing, boot, shoe and furnishing goods store, stove and tin shop, two drug stores, two barber shops, two victualling saloons, two boot manufacturers, an organ factory, fancy furniture factory, two markets, three milk dealers, a tuck and nail factory, paper manufacturer, shoe shop, two blacksmith shops, two wheelwright shops, four boot bottomers' shops, four custom boot shops, one harness shop, a coal and wood yard, periodical store, jeweler, brick mason, five carpenters and builders, three painters and paper hangers, one dentist, two physicians, a veterinary surgeon, expressman, auctioneer, insurance agent, two pawn dealers, one stamper and glider, crayon portrait artist, two canvassing agents, job printer, two hay dealers, dye house, rail repairing shop and two livery stables. There are two churches, two public halls, two schoolhouses, a public library, town hall, postoffice, telegraph office and railroad station, at which last converge the Plymouth, Taunton and Bridgewater divisions of the Old Colony Railroad.

Obituary.

At 7 o'clock Monday evening Mr. Joseph Dyer of South Braintree succumbed to the distressing pain of Bright's disease and breathed his last at his residence, surrounded by his family and near relatives. Mr. Dyer was 70 years and 16 days old and had been ill about four weeks. He was the last of four brothers, all of whom died at an advanced age. He leaves a widow and five children. The funeral took place in the Congregational church yesterday afternoon and was attended by a very large number of relatives and friends. The services were conducted by Rev. D. W. Gleason.

Broken Intel.

Sometime during Thursday night of last week the railroad station at Braintree received its regular semi-annual visit from burglars, who, after considerable running about, succeeded in getting about twenty-five cents in change, and a bit stock and bit. That stout lock at the station don't seem to be burglar-proof, somehow.

Good Bye.

Mr. Edward H. Frary, the agreeable gentleman who has been doing the watching and so on for our citizens at his little bench in Park's periodical store, for some months past, is going to depart for "fresh woods and pastures new"—that is, to Weymouth. Good bye and good luck to you; may your shadow never grow less!

Vital Statistics.

During 1874 there were 45 marriages, 90 births and 77 deaths in town.

Our New Market was opened yesterday by Messrs. Southwick & Holman of Oxford, Mass.

ELLIOT.

I am requested to correct a statement that appeared in last week's Gazette, over the signature "Elliot," in regard to the visit of a committee of the W. C. T. U. to a gentleman who licensed a building for a beer saloon. Such a committee did call upon said gentleman, and so far your correspondent is correct. They did not, however, request him to "turn out his tenant," nor did the gentleman in question dismiss the matter in the flippant, indifferent manner intimated in the item in question. He received them politely and cordially; showed them a copy of the lease which expressly stipulated that no spirituous liquor should be sold there, and asserted his firm conviction that the terms of the lease had not been violated. He asked the ladies what they would like to have him do; expressed his deep sympathy with the cause of temperance, referred to his past record in the matter, &c. They answered him that it was on account of his professed interest in the cause, and his labor in that direction in the past, that they had felt constrained to come to him, without any definite plan to be the best course to pursue to get rid of the nuisance, and yet finding that the inconsistency of his allowing his building to be used for liquor selling, was an injury to the temperance work. They had hoped that in talking with him frankly and sincerely about the matter, some plan might be decided upon. But as he assured them upon his honor that he did not believe that any intoxicating liquor was sold upon the premises and as the committee were unable to furnish proof that they had been sold there, there was nothing more to be said, and they withdrew, the gentleman assuring them that when they had a definite plan to propose, he would take the matter into consideration. The movement of the ladies in this matter they intended to keep to themselves, but as the affair has found its way into the Gazette, it is only justice to both parties that a fair statement of the matter be made.

The regular meeting of the Union was held at Mrs. Josipha Shaw's residence on Tuesday afternoon of this week. An invitation to meet with the Reform Club on some evening of next week was received and accepted. The evening being left discretionary with the Union, Monday evening was determined upon.

The sewing circle and Parsonage association connected with the North Parish assembled with Mrs. Ralph Arnold on Wednesday afternoon and evening of last week. Both were full gatherings and a pleasant season of social intercourse was enjoyed. The evening was spent in discussing plans and making arrangements for the coming fair, and listening to recitations and readings by Mr. Ben. Tabor and Mrs. F. W. Holbrook.

A memorial concert was held in place of the regular S. School concert on Sunday evening. Three young ladies connected with this school have gone home within six months. Recitations of Scripture and appropriate remarks from the Superintendent and other gentlemen on these sad events, together with songs adapted to the occasion, all went to make up a very impressive service. When at the Superintendent's request the song "What a Friend we have in Jesus," one that Lizzie Mann sang on her dying bed, was sung, there was hardly a dry eye in the house. Remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Kimball, who occupied the pulpit that day, and also by Misses Keith, Cummings, Shaw and Dr. Dearing.

Seaver Overcoats
Blocks and Browns,
\$12. \$15. \$18 and \$20.
Overcoats, \$4. \$5 and \$6.
\$3.50 to \$10
Overcoats, \$8. \$9 and \$10
men's Overcoats, \$2.50 to \$8.
lyrian Overcoats.

we shall Offer Great
to Cash Buyers.
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sive and Durable)
\$4. \$5 and \$6.
Overcoats, \$3.50 to \$10
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are all fine, fresh goods
very stylish, and will

beaver Overcoats
Blocks and Browns,
\$12. \$15. \$18 and \$20.
that we sold last year for
URERS' PRICES, and we

STORE,
on St., opposite Cornhill,

receive his friends at the

ABINGTON.

Reading.
Miss C. C. Johnston gave a second reading in the Cong. vestry on the evening of the 21st. The audience was small, but her selections were greatly enjoyed by those present.

Swing Circle.
The Ladies Sewing Circle of the Cong. society held their monthly meeting on Wednesday, 7th inst. In this evening some thirty volumes from the S. S. library, which were considered more useful for private use than for circulation in the school, were sold, realizing the sum of \$16.

Dramatic Company are to give a play entitled "Coupon Girl" next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

Death of Baxter Cobb, Esq., of Abington.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Abington National Bank held at their banking house on the 26th of Jan. 1874, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas God in his infinite wisdom has suddenly and unexpectedly removed from us by death our beloved friend and highly respected President, Baxter Cobb, Esq., therefore

Resolved, that we deeply mourn the loss

of one who while combining many of the qualities which make a man eminent in his business relations, endeared himself to all with whom he associated by his quiet unobtrusive manner and gentlemanly deportment; who for more than seventeen years has presided over the direction of the business of this bank with fidelity and devotion to its interests, rendering it eminently successful and imparting confidence to its judicious management. The community lose a valued citizen, one on whom had been conferred many offices of honor and trust; the church to which he belonged an efficient member and supporter.

Resolved, that the foregoing resolutions be entered on the records of the bank and a copy sent to the family.

ROCKLAND.

Mr. Charles W. Mitchell opened a singing school in the small vestry of the Congregational church, on Monday evening, the 12th inst., for the special benefit of the members of the Sabbath school and as many more as should feel inclined to participate. The price has been placed at a low figure, so as to exclude none, it being seven cents per week for gentlemen and fifty cents for ladies, for a term of twelve lessons.

The next regular sociable of the young people will be held in the Congregational vestry this evening, (16th inst.) Dr. J. C. Gleason will furnish the entertainment.

Mr. Alonso Lauer is about to remodel his dwelling house on Union St. He proposes moving back his present building and making an extensive addition in front. The work will be commenced as soon as circumstances will admit.

Horace Lunt of Weymouth will read some choice selections in Phelps Hall this evening (Friday). Mr. Lunt's reputation as an orator is such as to need no comment. He is a good and good luck to you; may your shadow never grow less!

Good Bye.

Mr. Edward H. Frary, the agreeable gentleman who has been doing the watching and so on for our citizens at his little bench in Park's periodical store, for some months past, is going to depart for "fresh woods and pastures new"—that is, to Weymouth. Good bye and good luck to you; may your shadow never grow less!

Vital Statistics.

During 1874 there were 45 marriages, 90 births and 77 deaths in town.

Our New Market was opened yesterday by Messrs. Southwick & Holman of Oxford, Mass.

ELLIOT.

I am requested to correct a statement that appeared in last week's Gazette, over the signature "Elliot," in regard to the visit of a committee of the W. C. T. U. to a gentleman who licensed a building for a beer saloon. Such a committee did call upon said gentleman, and so far your

correspondent is correct. They did not, however, request him to "turn out his tenant," nor did the gentleman in question dismiss the matter in the flippant, indifferent manner intimated in the item in question. He received them politely and cordially; showed them a copy of the lease which expressly stipulated that no spirituous liquor should be sold there, and asserted his firm conviction that the terms of the lease had not been violated. He asked the ladies what they would like to have him do; expressed his deep sympathy with the cause of temperance, referred to his past record in the matter, &c. They answered him that it was on account of his professed interest in the cause, and his labor in that direction in the past, that they had felt constrained to come to him, without any definite plan to be the best course to pursue to get rid of the nuisance, and yet finding that the inconsistency of his allowing his building to be used for liquor selling, was an injury to the temperance work. They had hoped that in talking with him frankly and sincerely about the matter, some plan might be decided upon. But as he assured them upon his honor that he did not believe that any intoxicating liquor was sold upon the premises and as the committee were unable to furnish proof that they had been sold there, there was nothing more to be said, and they withdrew, the gentleman assuring them that when they had a definite plan to propose, he would take the matter into consideration. The movement of the ladies in this matter they intended to keep to themselves, but as the affair has found its way into the Gazette, it is only justice to both parties that a fair statement of the matter be made.

The regular meeting of the Union was held at Mrs. Josipha Shaw's residence on Tuesday afternoon of this week. An invitation to meet with the Reform Club on some evening of next week was received and accepted. The evening being left discretionary with the Union, Monday evening was determined upon.

The sewing circle and Parsonage association connected with the North Parish assembled with Mrs. Ralph Arnold on Wednesday afternoon and evening of last week. Both were full gatherings and a pleasant season of social intercourse was enjoyed. The evening was spent in discussing plans and making arrangements for the coming fair, and listening to recitations and readings by Mr. Ben. Tabor and Mrs. F. W. Holbrook.

A memorial concert was held in place of the regular S. School concert on Sunday evening. Three young ladies connected with this school have gone home within six months. Recitations of Scripture and appropriate remarks from the Superintendent and other gentlemen on these sad events, together with songs adapted to the occasion, all went to make up a very impressive service. When at the Superintendent's request the song "What a Friend we have in Jesus," one that Lizzie Mann sang on her dying bed, was sung, there was hardly a dry eye in the house. Remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Kimball, who occupied the pulpit that day, and also by Misses Keith, Cummings, Shaw and Dr. Dearing.

SEIDLITZ POWDERS.

Particular and Careful Attention given to the preparation of Physicians' Prescriptions from Pure Mateal.

TOWNSEND'S PHARMACY.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

LIQUID EXT. OF JAMAICA GINGER.

is admited by all who have tried it to be the strongest and best preparation of Ginger that have ever been made. It is a pure extract of the root, and after being dried, is cut into small pieces and then macerated in brandy for a month, and after being strained, it is again dried, and then macerated in brandy for another month, and so on, until it is perfectly extracted. It is a powerful stimulant, and a specific for all diseases of the stomach, &c.

TRY A BOTTLE! and if one-half of it will give you relief you can return the rest and have your money refunded.

TOHSEN'S

WILD CHERRY

PECTORAL!

FOR COUGHS, COLDS,
HOARSENESS, &c.,

is the most popular preparation of the kind now in this vicinity, and is highly recommended by all who have tried it. It is pleasant to take, and is

SAFE AND CERTAIN IN ITS EFFECTS.

It is not a secret remedy; any regular physician can see the formula and learn its mode of preparation, if he pleases.

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The Weymouth Gazette.

C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR

Two local paper has an extensive circulation in surrounding towns, and as an advertising medium has no superior in this vicinity.

UP TO DATE NOTICES INSERTED AT TEN CENTS A LINE.

A MARINE TARTAR.

The New York Aquarium has for some time had an expedition in Florida for the special purpose of capturing a devil fish, for its tanks. The fish in question is a huge ray, that often reaches a width of twenty feet. He has a long whip-like tail, and is about as pleasant to meet as a roaring lion. No net was strong enough to hold him, and he would not take any notice of a sharp hook.

A member of the expedition says: "In a dark hour we decided to try the effect of a spear in one of his side wings, that we supposed would heal quickly. Our boat was a dingy, the forward part of which had been extended downward to the entire neglect of the beam, so that we were just able to fit in, five in a row, after the manner of a huge coffin. We pushed off, and moved down the shore, the man in the box, harpoon in hand, thirsty for the fray. A large shoal of mullets were jumping ahead of us, about half a mile off, and in the centre of them a heavy wave was seen moving around that told of something out of the common run. Coming nearer, the man in the box whispered that it was the devil fish himself, and no mistake.

We drew closer and closer, until a huge black spot was visible. We rose up to look, and at the same moment the man threw the harpoon. For the next moment all was a dreary void. The immense creature rose from the water like an exploding torpedo, and came down like the weight of a pile driver, one wing striking our boat in the bow, crushing the frightened darkey into both lee and windward scuppers at once, coating him with a beautiful coat of slime, and threatening to convert us all into human dotsans and jetsams. Yells of "cut the rope" and "get to the windward," wherever that was, were heard above the rush of water and hiss of the line that was going out at a rate of forty miles an hour, our brave harpooner keeping time in a wonderful series of back and head posturing, in his attempts to keep clear of it. As near as I could judge we were headed for Spain, half full of water and one man missing. Looking around, we discovered him standing up to his waist on a shoal half a mile off. He had been jerked overboard at the first round, and there on the shoal he remained for over an hour, feeling, as he told us, like a condemned lighthouse at high tide.

It was evident something must be done, and while one bailed the rest attempted to haul in the line. Gradually we drew nearer to our team, who gave us signs of giving out. It was evident that he never could be caught alive, so the agony was increased by a pair of grins in his back. This brought the blood, and we gradually came down to common time. Amio splashes, jerks from the fish, and yell-s from the men, we got fairly over him and sent a third large whale harpoon into him. Next minute the long whip of a tail came over the boat, striking old Ratt, a colored man, and causing a general and hasty sitting down. This was the last effort. We floated over the black mass, about three miles from where we started, victors, but yet not happy. That one lash of the tail had laid one man's cheek open to the bone, and broke the skin completely around his head; another was presumptive food for crabs and sharks on a distant bank. Not one of us came out of the race without bangs and bruises enough to start a fair prize fight.

We cut a slit however in one wing, and in two hours had our fish on the edge of the sand. A mule was then made fast, and the great devil fish for the New York Aquarium rose from the sea, dead as a traditional door nail. We measured him, and found from wing to wing eighteen and a half feet, and from the tip of the tail to the nose twenty-three feet. The tail alone was eleven feet long, and as large at the base as a man's wrist, tapering down to a most delicate lash. Immediately above the base of the tail are three bony serrated stings that are terrible weapons of defense.

MRS. VAN COTT'S TEMPERANCE WORK.

Probably the largest temperance mass meeting held in New York within the last twenty-five years was held under the auspices of the American Temperance Union, in the hall of Cooper Union. Nearly every Protestant temperance society in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City was represented by delegations. An overflow meeting was held in Senate Hall, in Eighth street. The remarkable attendance was secured partly by special invitations extended to societies, but mainly by the publication of the fact that the Widow Van Cott would be one of the speakers. An American flag was draped on the desk at which she stood, and reverently gathering its folds in her hands, she prayed that God would speed the time when the star spangled banner should indeed wave over the land of the free—a land free from the shackles of the demon of intemperance. "When I die," continued the widow, "I want to be wrapped up in the American flag. I want the banner of freedom for my winding sheet. I want to be buried with the glorious stars and stripes enfolding my dead body—but I do not want to die while the flag is stained with sins of intemperance. I desire to live until the banner is washed clean before I am enveloped in its folds."

The Widow denounces in strong terms the use of wine for communion services in the churches, and said: "I was present once when the wine and bread were passed around. Among the communicants was an old gray headed man, who had once been an inebriate, but had reformed. I watched him to see whether he would take or refuse the

cup. I prayed God to save him from the temptation. The clergyman reached the cup to him. The old man had the resolution to say, 'No, I cannot take it, and my heart honored him for his resolution. May the time come when no preacher in the land will put the intoxicating cup to his neighbor's lips.' After she had repeated the poem containing the words,

"Tell me I hate the bowl!"

Hate is a feeble word!"

she made a fervent prayer in behalf of the temperature cause. Then, in the same manner with which she is wont to call sinners to repentance in religious meetings, she exclaimed: "Now I want every person in this audience who loves the temperature cause to hold up the right hand. Now, hold them up—hold them up—hold them up!" Three-quarters of the people raised their hands. "Very well," exclaimed the Widow; "so far so good. That will do. Put down your hands." She looked on the audience reflectively for a few seconds, as if debating in her mind the feasibility of her next move. Then she said: "Now, if you please, let every man, woman, and child who will pledge to take abstinenace hold up the right hand. Don't be cowardly—put them up—up—up." At this point some of the assembly disapprovingly quit the hall; but many raised their hands. Glory to God!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Cott; and then she repeated, in a voice more masculine than remaining in tone, and with great solemnity, the words of the total abstinenace pledge of the American Temperance Union, adding, "The religion of Jesus and temperance go hand in hand. Let us sing 'All hail the power of Jesus' name!'"

BRILLIANT WHITEWASH.

A correspondent wishes the receipt given some years since for the whitewash used on the east end of the White House. For her benefit and the benefit of others, it is repeated. Take one-half bushel of nice unslaked lime, shake it with boiling water; cover it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer, and add a peck of salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste; one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clay, which has been previously dissolved by soaking it well, and then hang it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir it well, and let it stand for two days covered from dust. It should be put on hot, and for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about a pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Fine or coarse brushes may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick, or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Buildings or fences covered with it will take a much longer time to burn than if they were painted with oil paint. Coloring matter may be put in and made of any shade desired. Spanish brown will make reddish pink when stirred in, more or less deep according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown, makes a reddish stone color; yellow ochre stirred in makes yellow wash, but chrome goes further, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. It is difficult to make rules, because tastes are different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle and let it dry. Green must not be mixed with lime; it destroys the color, and the color has got young 'uns; and—and—that's all.

Margery. Oh, Joe! I can shut my eyes and see everything and everybody you've been talking about, oh, so plain! and to see you again does seem so like old times!

A KING'S PASTIME.

Royal is liable to suffer from ennui, and must have novel amusements at any cost. Here is an instance reported by a traveller in Asia. The King of Burmah, he says, is very proud of his new Krupp gun, and lately amused himself by throwing shot with it into the Irrawaddy river. One struck a rice-laden drugh, which sunk, drowning the captain. The King was in raptures, for he had pointed the gun himself. Shells were then tried at long ranges, a village on the opposite bank being the target. All Mandala turned out to watch the sport, and the village was soon in flames. The inhabitants "ran about like mad," in such a comical manner that his Majesty laughed heartily. Then the crowd on the Mandalay side tempted the military ardor of the gracious sovereign, who suddenly gave the sightseers a dose of grape and canister. The crowd instantly scattered, leaving some twenty men, women, and children dead on the ground. His Majesty was highly annoyed; the next criminal is to be blown from the mouth of his gun after the English fashion. The King feels quite equal to the exigencies of a European war.

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A LESSON OF THE TIMES.

Speaking of recent failures, a well-known Boston Merchant of standing, and one of no small means, either, but who has always paid one hundred cents on the dollar, told us that he visited a party fast week, where he saw five different business men who had been through bankruptcy within the past fourteen months, and settled with their creditors from fifteen to thirty cents on the dollar.

The wives of every one of these men were more expensively dressed than the wife of the sound merchant, and yet she is a richly dressed lady. Three of them lived far more expensively than he is able to, and his expenses are large and liberal; one continues to keep four or five horses, as in old times, and another is competing with the customers of the merchant with a stock which cost him, by means of settlement, more than fifty per cent less than what the honest man had to pay.

Who shall say that our bankrupt law has not done its duty since the occasion that called it forth, and ought not to be amended or repealed?

Isn't it perfectly obvious to every business man, that the machinery of going through bankruptcy has become so perfectly adjusted and thoroughly lubricated, that parties slide through upon the least possible or most shallow excuse, and ought not some more stringent clauses to be put into the act, that honest men as well as rogues and rascals are to be protected?

Social ostracism might have a wholesome effect, to a certain degree, but even to inflict that a higher sense of mercantile honor must be cultivated among all business men, and they, by their acts and their laws, make it understood that mercantile faith and integrity are not to be lightly trifled with.

NEW REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.

PERSONS afflicted with baldness will be glad to hear that a luxuriant growth of hair may be produced by a very simple process, described by British Consul Stevens, in his commercial report on Nicolact for the past year. In the summer of 1875 Consul Stevens' attention was drawn to several cases of baldness among bullocks, cows, and oxen and the loss of manes and tails among horses. A former servant of the Consul's prematurely bald, whose duty it was to trim lamps, had a habit of wiping his petroleum-bedecked hands in the scampi locks which remained to him; and, after three months of lamp-trimming experience, his dirty habit procured for him a much finer head or glossy black hair that he ever possessed, before, in his recollection.

THE LOCALS.

Probably one of the best illustrations of the wide range of subjects that may engage the interest of the "common mind" is furnished by the dialogue between Joe and Margery, in the famous farce of the Rough Diamond.

Margery. And what's the news? Tell me all you can think of. How's Tom Dixon? married Lizzy Turney?

Joe. No—bless you, no! they were going to be married holly last week; and when Tom got to the church door, he, like a fool, ran all the way home again, and left poor Lizzy crying her eyes out, at the porch door.

Margery. You don't say so! Well! I always thought and said Tom was a fool!—Ah, Joe! how comfortable this is to have somebody to talk to in one's own way. I do feel so free and easy again; well, tell me, Joe, is Dame Wilkins living?

Joe. No, she died six months ago.

Margery. Did she leave all her money to her nephew, Jim Porter?

Joe. No, there was such work! I'll tell you!

Margery. Come quite close!... and tell me!

Joe. Why, you see, Jim, he made some of the money, and lived in such style; bought a horse, kept a gig, went to the races, played at nine-pins, and carried on such games, and then the old woman died, and it was found out as she'd left all her money to a little smooth-faced fellow, with a face about the size of a sixpence, as had, somehow or another, got into the hold lady's books, and it was all writ down in her will, it was because Jim had kicked her favorite lapdog, as used to fly everybody's heels; so Jim's in prison for debt and the dog gone to live along with the butcher.

Margery. Well, and what's become of Harry Bacon?

Joe. Gone to sea, because he took tick of a tailor from Lunnon; and you know Tom Hammer, the blacksmith?

Margery. Yes!

Joe. Well, if he ain't gone and bought old Merryweather's pigs, I'm a Dutchman.

Margery. Law!

Joe. And Merryweather has gone to Mexico, and the eldest daughter has married Sam Hollaway, the cutter, and folks do say it ain't a good match, 'cause she's a widow with three children, ready made, and she might have 'ad Master Pollard, the schoolmaster, and Will Scrogs, has been found out stealing chickens, so he is in prison; and young Trotter, the postman, 'opened a green grocer's shop; and the Doctor's got two more days covered over to him; and all the parish children have got the whooping cough; and we've got a new beadle; and Mrs. Jenkins' cow is dead; and Mother Miles' great big white rabbit has got young 'uns; and—and—that's all.

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THE LOCALS.

GAZETTE

BOOK,

CARD,

AND

Job Printing

OFFICE,

Plain and Fancy

WORK!

Books,

Cards,

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C. G. EASTERBROOK,

WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Address all letters, as heretofore.

Mr. Townsend, M. D.

EIGHT TO SEVEN.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

LOUISIANA WHEELED INTO LINE.—THE REPUBLICANS QUIET BUT HAPPY.—THE DEMOCRATS DEPRESSED BUT GENERALLY ACQUIESCENT.—TALKS WITH MASSACHUSETTS MEMBERS.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 19, 1877.

Important events follow each other so rapidly in this grand winding up of a nation's political carnival, that the weekly correspondent is driven to the dilemma of writing to-day of what may be rendered null and void by the events of the morrow, reasoning the mass with the pepper and salt of fact and fiction, and the oil or vinegar of individual and personal gratification or disappointment. Yet the decision of the Commission in the Louisiana case has virtually settled the succession, and the hopes and ambitions of Mr. Tilden are gone where the verdant woodland twelfth. There was little surprise at the announcement of the result, for from the moment of the decision in the Florida case, it was self-evident. There should have been little disappointment that the Commission did not divest itself of particular feelings, when such feelings could be reconciled with the law and the facts.—Democrats of every degree unite today in according the victory to their opponents, with the mental reservation that Crohn's nose may yet prove the ark of salvation.—But Oregon can afford them no aid. In the first place, Mr. Watts, the alleged ineligible, according to the opinion of Judge Bradley on Friday, in the argument on the Louisiana election, although he may have held a Federal office on the day of his election, did not hold it on the day of the meeting of the Electoral College, and was consequently eligible. Secondly: Admitting that Tilden should have been eligible on the date of his election, and was voted, and that Crohn, as the candidate receiving the next highest vote was entitled to the certificate, the course of the latter in refusing to meet with his colleagues, created a vacancy in the college, which, under the state law the said college had no power to fill, and did fill by the re-election of Watts. And last, but by no manner of means least, the developments of the conspiracy by which Oregon was to be fraudulently counted for Tilden, by means of the deciphered dispatches, and which conspiracy is not only undeniable, but admitted by the acerbity with which Gov. Grover and Senator Kelley hastened to crawl from beneath the tumbling edifice, is proof positive that the Oregon election must be crushed beneath the weight of its own ponderous absurdity.

There seems no good reason to doubt but that

THE DECISION OF THE COMMISSION

will be generally accepted without serious objection. Its announcement on Friday night was received amid great excitement about the Capitol, with intense gratification by the republicans and consequent depression by the democrats.

Despite the stop further argument and go to work in earnest for the best interest of the country and the country in general. They believe that Gov. Hayes is morally certain. They generally predicted a re-opening of trade with the coming of spring and on entering upon a period of unusual prosperity with the settlement of the Presidential complication. They spoke of having received hundreds of telegrams from men of properties, extending congratulations upon the result, and breathing a spirit of confidence and gratification in its peaceful solution.

IN A WORD,

While decrying any revolutionary proceedings he considered that the democrats would be justified in declining to abide by the decision of the Commission, and appealing to the country for moral and spiritual support.

Gen. Banks bore a smiling visage and happier exterior than I have seen him for years. Standing in the midst of a group of friends he grasped every extended hand, and received and interchanged congratulations from all sides. "There is no further cause," said he, "for anxiety. I did not approve the bill for creating the Commission, and was the only member from my state that voted against. I believed it extra-constitutional, to say the least, and did not believe that the democrats would acquiesce in the decision if it did not conform to their desires. The truth is, they expected Judge Davis would be the fifteenth member, even after his election to the house, and disappointed in this respect, their cause was lost." In answer to an interrogatory as to the prospect of Oregon, he replied:

"Oh nonsense! The Oregon objection will be disposed of in the shortest possible time, and her three votes will be given to Gov. Hayes." Then he clasped the hand of Mr. Kasson and disappeared in the direction of the dining-room.

Judge Abbott was met in the lobby of the Riggs House, bland and smiling and evidently not indisposed to a chat on any subject, celestial or mundane. Good living has certainly set its seal upon the Judge's physiognomy, and the upward curl of his silvery mustache indicated a touch of dandyism for which he may be readily forgiven. A jaunty air, a little emphasized by the constant twirl of a pair of eyeglasses, was somewhat constrained by certain rheumatic twinges which acted upon his left leg, and imparted a degree of mental and physical resignation. I should judge from his general appearance that he stands in the light of a counsel who has made a stout, the unsuccessful struggle for his client, and having lost his case, has as a matter of habit accepted the situation and washed his hands of the whole affair.

"The House," said he, "will quietly submit to whatever decision the Commission arrives upon, and will keep good faith with their promises made before its convocation. I do not think there will be any filibustering, or attempt made to interfere with a speedy and certain solution of the complication. The Democracy have entered upon a temporary reprieve, but only a temporary one, and its glorious future is rendered the more certain, by submitting without question to whatever the Commission decide. I am not assured that Gov. Hayes will be inaugurated, until the close of the count, but I do not anticipate other than a quiet and peaceful inauguration of whoever may be declared to have been elected." Without claiming to speak ex-officio, it was the opinion that Oregon could not be reached until Tuesday, and perhaps not until Wednesday, but preferred not to give until Wednesday, but preferred not to give his opinion on the merits of the Oregon case, altho' until such time as the case properly before the Commission, did not consider his opinion constrained by virtue of his position as a member of that body.

In the interests of a western paper your correspondent called upon several congressmen from that section, who unit in expressing a firm belief that the crisis was past, and the inauguration of Gov. Hayes morally certain. They generally predicted a re-opening of trade with the coming of spring and on entering upon a period of unusual prosperity with the settlement of the Presidential complication. They spoke of having received hundreds of telegrams from men of properties, extending congratulations upon the result, and breathing a spirit of confidence and gratification in its peaceful solution.

The political clouds are breaking away and the sun commencing to peep forth. The Southern members are said to be with the democrats, and are to meet in the capitol to stop further argument and go to work in earnest for the best interest of the country and the country in general. They believe that Gov. Hayes is morally certain. They generally predicted a re-opening of trade with the coming of spring and on entering upon a period of unusual prosperity with the settlement of the Presidential complication. They spoke of having received hundreds of telegrams from men of properties, extending congratulations upon the result, and breathing a spirit of confidence and gratification in its peaceful solution.

The most privileged communication in either House of Congress is a message from its coordinate body. The most important business is at once interrupted, even a glowing sentence from the lips of an orator is at once cut short, to hear a message of this nature. It is a recognition by one House of the dignity and equality of the other. But on this occasion the receipt of the message would have involved immediate action thereon, and that was not to be thought of. So Mr. Gorham was permitted to stand at the bar of the House without recognition by the speaker, although his attention was repeatedly called to the fact by several members, and the frantic gestures of the doorkeeper, while the House considered a motion of Mr. Lamar to meet in Joint Convention Monday at 11 o'clock. This question having been debated, put and carried, the message was received, of course too late to subserve its purpose.

The Democrats met in caucus on Saturday night, and held the most stormy meeting of the session. A large and noisy party under the leadership of David Dudley Field of New York, Tucker of Virginia, Thompson of Mass., and Southard of Ohio, advocated the interposition of objections and dilatory motions in the vote of every state yet to be counted, with the view of multiplying issues and defeating the inauguration of Gov. Hayes. The discussion even took the ground that it was advisable that the democratic members of the Commission resign, and the House refuse to supply their vacancies. But a peace and order party, headed by Ben Hill of Ga., Senator Bayard and Kernan, John Young Brown of Ky., and Reagan of Texas, opposed such action, which they did not hesitate to characterize as revolutionary, and succeeded at last in pleading the party to allow the count to proceed without opposition and to acquiesce in the result, accompanied with the protest of the Democratic party in all its majesty and purity.

In a stroll about the city on Sunday night I encountered several of the Mass. delegation who seemed to have no hesitation to communicate their

OPINIONS ON THE SITUATION.

Mr. Thompson, while laboring under considerable agitation and evident underlying depression, did not believe the chances of Mr. Tilden were lost. He considered that notwithstanding the action of the democratic caucus, dilatory motions would be interposed and objections filed against the count of every state, which would delay the proceedings until the 5th of March would arrive and a new election become a matter of necessity. He preferred an ad interim republican administration to the inauguration of Gov. Hayes, and believed that in the event of a new election, the democrats would carry at least thirty states.

TOWN AND VICINITY.

Stolen Goods Found.

Mrs. Buelie Souther, a native of Weymouth, died in South Boston on Wednesday of last week, at the advanced age of 96 years. Her maiden name was Damon, the family being residents of Weymouth Landing many years ago, and her mother was a sister of Mr. Asa French, who owned the place on Essex street now belonging to Dea. John Dizer, "Aunt Souther," as she was familiarly known in the community where she resided, was the greater part of her life, was like Dorcas, "full of good works and alms-deeds which she did, and many a child of poverty will rise up and call her blessed." With but small means of her own, and the care of a large family developing upon her after the death of her husband, she by unwearied industry, commencing with love and sympathy to the suffering, accomplished an amount of benevolent work which would seem almost incredible in her circumstances. An instance of her ready application of whatever material she could obtain, to the clothing of the destitute, is worthy of record. Passing the yard of a resident of South Boston one day she saw a pair of pants which had been thrown out on the ash heap in the yard, rather worse for wear, and taking the garment from the heap she took it home, ripped it apart and made it over for a lad, who appeared at church in the restored habiliments the next Sabbath. The very genial man who had thrown away the pants took notice of the boy's nice appearance, and complimented Mrs. S. on the fact, when to his astonishment she informed him that from his waste she had evolved this lesson of frugality. Mrs. Souther was a member of one of the Congregational churches in South Boston during her residence there, and judge from his general appearance that he stands in the light of a counsellor who has made a stout, the unsuccessful struggle for his client, and having lost his case, has as a matter of habit accepted the situation and washed his hands of the whole affair.

"The House," said he, "will quietly submit to whatever decision the Commission arrives upon, and will keep good faith with their promises made before its convocation. I do not think there will be any filibustering, or attempt made to interfere with a speedy and certain solution of the complication. The Democracy have entered upon a temporary reprieve, but only a temporary one, and its glorious future is rendered the more certain, by submitting without question to whatever the Commission decide. I am not assured that Gov. Hayes will be inaugurated, until the close of the count, but I do not anticipate other than a quiet and peaceful inauguration of whoever may be declared to have been elected."

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IN A WORD,

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BY
CO.,
H LANDING.
GE OF BASE!
! New Business!
you would inform his many friends
that on and after FEIRER
found at his
P ON BROAD STREET.
the services of a
ss Carriage Builder,
and NEW WORK.
TICE & REASONABLE RATES.

Cheapness! Dispatch!

Or may by close attention to business
receive a share of the public favor

in a ROOM OVER MY SHOP,

which will be let at most

WALDO TURNER.

MOUTH, Jan. 26, 1857.

wealth of Massachusetts.

PROBATE COURT.
Kin, Creditors, and all other Persons
the Estate of SIMEON SMITH,
South Weymouth, deceased.

Probate has been made to suit Court
of administration on the estate of
Alton H. Belcher, of Weymouth,
North.

Probate to appear as a Probate
order at Quincy, in said County of
Norfolk, on the 25th day of January,
next, noon, to show cause, if any you
the same.

Parsonsage Association.

The Parsonsage Association met with
Mrs. Tower on Monday evening. A very
pleasant social season was enjoyed and
those who were fortunate enough to be
able to attend had the pleasure of listening
to a select reading by Mrs. R. Elmer
Morrison, and some fine singing by Mr.
N. F. Thayer.

Vesper Service.

A vesper service will be held in the
South Congregational church next Sab-
bath evening.

Lectures.

It is gratifying to learn that another
course of lectures is to be given in the
Methodist church, So. Braintree, com-
mencing March first. The lectures pre-
viously given there were a source of real
satisfaction to all who heard them, being
what lectures should be, instructive, as
well as entertaining.

Improvements.

"Coming events cast their shadows be-
fore," and the improvements going on in
the house of our friend and neighbor, N.
F. T. Hayden, Esq., are suggestive, to say
the least. We shall be glad to see the
house opened once more, for we have
missed our warm-hearted neighbors, and
we have sadly missed the pleasant voice
and genial smile of him who has gone on
from its doors and neighborhood forever.

Religious Interest.

There is some religious interest in the
North Parish. Besides the regular Sun-
day and Thursday evening meetings a
neighborhood meeting is held on Friday
evening, and an inquiry meeting at the
pastor's residence on Wednesday evening.

A good many of the people have been in-
to the city to the Tabernacle meetings.

The Weymouth Gazette.
PUBLISHED AT
Two Dollars per annum, to advance: Two
and a Half at the expiration of the year.
OFFICE, WASHINGTON SQUARE, WEYMOUTH, MASS.
C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

GRADING NOTICES INSERTED AT TEN
CENTS A LINE.
PAMPHLET WORK EXECUTED IN A SUPERIOR
MANER AT THIS OFFICE.

BRAINTREE DEPARTMENT.

In response to an invitation from the
Reform Club, the W. C. T. U. appointed a
meeting of both societies in Grand Army
Hall last Monday evening. Only thirty
ladies and gentlemen were present, but the
meeting was a pleasant, and we trust prob-
able one. The meeting was called to order
by Rev. A. H. Johnson, who read a
passage of Scripture and offered prayer.—
The request was then made by members of
the Reform Club that the meeting be con-
ducted by the ladies. Accordingly Mrs.
Keith, Vice President of the Union, took
the chair. Mr. Call then explained why
this meeting had been called. He said the
interest of the members of the Club had
not been enough to keep up their meetings.
One or two ineffectual attempts to revive
them had been made, and they had at last
resolved to consult with the members of the
Pilgrim church, the features of which were
a sale of useful and fancy articles, speak-
ing, singing, and other interesting attractions.
The entertainment of the first
night opened with a song entitled "Wel-
come Tonight," by the choir, which was
sung in fine manner. This was followed
by a declamation, "Thoughts before Sun-
day Morning Services," by Miss Hattie
Dyer, delivered in excellent manner and
eliciting much praise. A duet entitled
"The Two Merry Girls," by Misses Beck-
ard and Blanchard, was deservedly applau-
ded. The principal feature of the evening
was a drama entitled "The Flower of the
Family," consisting of eight characters
represented by Miss Ella barrel, Miss
Hattie Pierce, Mrs. Martha Walker, Mr.
Frank Torrey, Mr. William Collier, Mr.
Abbot Spinney, Mr. John Binner, Mr.
Herbert Miller. The parts throughout
were presented in a fine manner and elic-
ited much praise from the audience. Be-
tween the intervening acts the audience
were favored with a song entitled "The
Sailor's Grave," by Mrs. Fauna Dyer,
which was rendered in a praiseworthy man-
ner. After this followed a quartette entitled
"The Way to the Mountain," by Mrs.
Fauna Dyer, soprano, Mrs. Blanchard, alto,
Mr. William Torrey, basso, and Mr.
Chas. Newton, tenor and another quartet
entitled, "Waiting by the River," by Misses
E. G. Nash, S. Weymouth.
After the quartette Parker's Pleasant Worm
Song, which is sure death to worms, pleasant to
take and requires no physic. Price 25 cents. Try it.

NORTH WEYMOUTH.

A fair was held under the auspices of the
Ladies Sewing Circle, on Tuesday and
Wednesday evenings, in the vestry of the
Pilgrim church, the features of which were
a sale of useful and fancy articles, speak-
ing, singing, and other interesting attractions.

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Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED.

In Braintree, Feb. 14, by Rev. J. A.

Grout, Mrs. Lizzie Wilson, of North Wey-
mouth, to Mrs. Lizzie Wilson, of North Wey-
mouth; they are extended for a wedding remem-
brance of their bridal bough. May their joys "in-
crease and multiply."

At Brockton, Feb. 14, by Rev. P. McElroy,
Orin W. Circuit of East Weymouth, to Miss
Lizzie Wilson, of North Weymouth.

In Braintree, Feb. 14, by John O. Adams, Esq.,
James Kelley to Miss Ellen Welsh, both
of Braintree.

DEED.

At Lowell's Corner, East Weymouth, Feb. 22d,
A. H. W. Salsbury, aged 67 years. Funeral at
the residence of Jotham Salisbury, 34 P. M.
In East Weymouth, Feb. 16, Seth S. Cleap-
ton, in South Weymouth.

At Brockton, Feb. 14, by Rev. P. McElroy,
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the residence of Jotham Salisbury, 34 P. M.
In East Weymouth, Feb. 16, Seth S. Cleap-
ton, in South Weymouth.

At Brockton, Feb. 14, by Rev. P. McElroy,
Orin W. Circuit of East Weymouth, to Miss
Lizzie Wilson, of North Weymouth.

In Braintree, Feb. 14, by John O. Adams, Esq.,
James Kelley to Miss Ellen Welsh, both
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The Weymouth Gazette.

C. G. EASTERBROOK, EDITOR.

Our local paper has an extensive circulation in surrounding towns, and as an advertising medium is superior to this vicinity.

READING NOTICES INSERTED AT TWENTY CENTS A LINE.

CLAM SOUP.

First catch your clams—along the ebbing edges Of saline coys you'll find the precious weeds With backs up lurking in the sandy bottom; Pull in your iron rakes, and lo! you've got 'em. Take thirty large ones, put a basin under, Add water (three quarts) to the native liquor, Bring to a boil (and, by the way, the quicker It boils the better, if you'd do it safely). Now add the clams, chopped up and minced nicely.

Allow a longer boil of just three minutes, And while it bubbles quickly stir within its tumultuous depths, where still the mollusks must er. Four tablespoons of flour and four of butter, A pint of milk, some pepper to your notion, And clams need salting, although born of ocean, Remove from fire (if much boiled they will suffer).

You'll find that Indian rubber isn't tougher! After 't off add three fresh eggs well beaten, Stir once more, and 'tis ready to be eaten. Fruit of the wave! Oh, dainty and delicious! Food for the gods! Ambrosia for Apicius! Worthy to thrill the soul of sea-born Venus Or titillate the palate of Silenus!

A REMARKABLE MEETING.

Jerry McAuley's Mission, at 316 Water street, New York, was dedicated last week, Mr. A. S. Hatch, the banker, presiding.

In the evening Mr. Wm. E. Dodge presided, and in the assembly were the Rev. Dr. Booth and his wife, Mrs. Wm. E. Dodge, Mrs. Dr. Lozier, Mr. George P. Fitch, Mr. Thurlow Weed, Dr. Ball, and a large delegation from Dr. Booth's church. Mr. Wm. E. Dodge made an address, and subscribed to the fund. He said: "Fifty years ago my wife and I used to drive out to the Brooklyn Navy Yard to teach the poor sailors the Gospel. My wife taught in Sunday school when she was 11 years old in the old Roosevelt Street Church." Mrs. Dodge sat behind her husband while he was speaking, and buried her face in her handkerchief. Others wept when a poor woman said that she was at one time so nearly blind that she could not thread the needle with which she earned a living, and therefore thought she must starve. She prayed to God in tears, to restore her eyesight, and He did so. The venerable Thurlow Weed sobbed audibly, and covered his gray head in his handkerchief. Mrs. Dr. Lozier spoke of her belief in children's conversion, and said that she was converted when very young.

Brother Jerry asked Mollie Rollins, a child 5 years old, to speak. Mollie stood up beside Mr. Dodge, and said that Jesus had saved her from stealing sweet potatoes. Brother Jerry explained that Mollie used to stealthily approach a barrel of potatoes in front of a grocery store, snatch a potato, and run away. Another speaker said that he had served two terms in State prison, and had been guilty of many crimes. His mother used to pray for him, but he resisted her prayers, and ran away, and his four brothers were all converted by coming to Jerry's mission. His poor old mother's prayers had been answered. Today, for the first time in his life, he sat down to dinner with all his father's family around the table, and all Christians.

An old woman said that she first entered the mission drunk. A bottle stuck out of her pocket. He told her to drop the bottle and come up to the bench for prayers. She did so, and now she had no appetite for drink. A boy told of his temptations. He lived among those that scoffed at him. A man said that he lived among beer drinkers, but he could sit and read his Bible while they drank their beer. A woman told how Jesus saved her and kept her "safely saved." She and her children had slept on the roof of a six story house because of the cruel treatment of her husband. They were both drunkards and fought like cats and dogs. Now they prayed and sang God's praises together. A sailor had "roamed the seas over for thirty years," had wandered into the mission about three weeks ago, and there found a Savior.

Brother Jerry said that it would not take him half a minute to tell his experience. "This blessed Jesus saves me and keeps me saved from being a liar, a thief, a fraud, a drunkard, and everything that is bad."

Mr. Thurlow Weed was asked to speak. He arose near the speaker's desk, and, with a broken voice, said that he sympathized with the meeting, but was too unwell to speak. He sat down and hid his face in his handkerchief. Thereupon Dr. Booth said, "This meeting is Moody and Sankey over again."

Mr. Dodge said that his wife was too feeble to speak, but wished him to speak for her. She sympathized warmly with the meeting and would pray for the success of the enterprise.

Many of the young converts spoke; and at length Mr. Hatch said that if people wanted to know by what power all this was done he would tell them, as Peter told the Jews that it was by the power of Jesus of Nazareth. A pretty and well-dressed woman said that she was puffed up, but that she came to the mission and Jesus had cured her of her pride. A young man had been a member of a church for five years, but he never was a Christian until he came to the mission.

Elegantly dressed women from Dr. Booth's church were crying like children. They looked at Brother Jerry with amazement when he told them how wicked he had been, and wept afresh when his wife related her experience.

A minister was telling a young girl who was about to become a bride, that she must remember that the man and wife are one. "Lord!" said she, "if you were under my father and mother's window when they are quarreling you'd think there were at least a dozen."

William Sabin, of Sexton, Vt., has had 3,874 fits in eight years.

A bit of cotton put into a bird's cage over night will attract the insects. The cotton may be removed in the morning and cremated.

THE PLAGUES OF INDIA.

White ants? On a calm, comparatively cool evening, with the air delightfully cool and moist, with the effect of some shower which has fallen, perhaps several miles away, all of a sudden there is an avalanche of winged horrors, which swarm in your eyes, ears, nose, frizzes, baneaux, puffs, cuffs, sleeves, &c., &c., in your plate, putting the candle out, all over everywhere, a terror and a dismay, and you find a stratum of white ants several inches deep all over the neighborhood. Having used their wings to storm your castle, they deliberately wriggle themselves free from them, leaving them sticking all over your walls, and pictures, and furniture, and then wonder about on foraging expeditions, till the rallying servants turn out in force and shoo them away. The natives like them curried, or fried, or raw, and go for the crawling creatures as the Israelites did for manna.

Cockroaches? These are seldom seen, but when they are seen are enough to scare a drunkard into sobriety or delirium tremens—sudden kill or cure. Such feeders, horns, tough skins, not some odor, and covered with parasites. One quiet evening I was writing one of my earlier lucubrations for the press—I'm not sure that it wasn't poetry—when an eruption of these barbarians drove an entirely different current of thought through my head, and I yelled in agony for my boy. He jumped in with his usual alacrity, and then with very unusual impetuosity bundled me suddenly and ignominiously, neck and heels, out of the room, and before I could get my breath in my rage and astonishment, had vanished and reappeared with a stick yelling, "Snake! snake!" He didn't find any snake, but he found a couple of snake holes behind a wardrobe (people don't have closets in India—solid walls of great architectural merit and everlasting fire-proof solidity, with wooden furniture in sufficient profusion for all comfort) which stopped up, and then explained that the cockroaches had been scared by snakes, and cobras at that for they didn't mind common rattling snakes. His natural history was probably correct. Even with all my horror of snakes and reptiles generally, I didn't mind the rattling ophiads which used to slounce about over my bed at night, separated by thin muslin, which was stuck up by way of ceiling, but then I never saw them.

Cephalotes? Why in Alleppey—a nasty, damp, hole, with canals all over, full of ducks, salt-wares and bazaar smells—I've counted ten or a dozen at almost any moment on the walls of a single room, big fellows from four to fourteen inches, too, with their forty legs as venomous as they make 'em. It is horrible to be bitten by a centipede. They may crawl all over you without hurting you, but if they get scared, in go the barbed, poisonous, horny points of each one of their forty feet, with an electric shock of burning pain, and a venomous grab with the terrible jaws, and then a move of a few inches, and a repetition of the dose, and so on. I never got bitten myself, but a friend of mine who had been bitten used to turn pale and sick at the very thought of the horrible agony. And it is not only severe pain for the centipede bite, especially from one of the older creatures, is frequently fatal.

Scorpions are bad, too, and perhaps still more venomous. They look so wicked and devilish. I upset the dignity of one one day who was taking a nap, apparently, in a corner behind a chair I moved out for my own accommodation, and the little beast, certainly not two inches long made a charge at me. I kicked it off with my boot, calling out for like a little bulldog. There are spiders, too, of the champion order of repulsiveness, hairy, huge, horrible to view, but I never heard of their harming anyone. The lizards are numerous, and with scarcely an exception, beautiful, from the little home, green lizard, whose cheap, cheap, is used as an ornament by domestic soothsaying old grannies in Hindoo households, perfectly harmless, tame and gentle, to the two foot long, slimy, shimmering, golden and green or orange bronze, metallic-looking, Brahminic lizard, with its often amphibious tail, and demon eyes, a creature which looked more devilish to me than the hooded Cobra itself.

Samuel Curtis, Coffin Warehouse, and Furnishing Undertaker, Weymouth. COFFINS, ROBES and HABITS of every description, FURNISHED AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE. THE PATENT FREEZER USED IN PRESERVING BODIES.

Auction Sales attended to as usual.

Best Flour,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

ALSO

PAPER HANGINGS

AND BORDERS

At the LOWEST CASH PRICES. Call and receive Goods delivered promptly. **Orders** called for, if required.

J. E. JOHNSON,
WASHINGTON SQUARE, WEYMOUTH.

—

A NOBLE CHARITY.

In his first general order as Department Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, General Horace Binney-Sargent takes occasion to urge the various posts in the State to put forth systematic and zealous efforts to raise the funds necessary to erect and properly endow a Soldiers' Home in Massachusetts. The call is, indeed, a timely one. As year follows year since the close of the war, those who have had their attention called to the matter well know that the veterans of the late war are falling out of the line of those who are able to labor faster than men who did not enter the army. Thousands were touched by disease and hardship which did not make itself manifest until years after their discharge. Thousands more find that their disabilities resulting from wounds and disease increase with the burden of years. And more than this, the youngest man mustered out of the service at the close of the war is now thirty years of age, while the average age of those who enlisted in the service is over forty years. In ten years more those who survive will be old men. The number that will be in reduced circumstances will, of necessity, be large. The General Government cannot care for all those who will need homes; and if it could, there is something forbidding in the thought that men of Massachusetts or of any other State must be sent away from friends to an asylum or home in another State to be cared for. It gives one the idea that a sort of expatriation is the reward (or penalty) of the patriotic defender of the Republic when poverty and old age overtake him.

There is a great deal of religious faith in the world that will not stand the test of experience. One day a ship was caught in a severe gale. A woman frightened beyond reason because she was very likely to go to heaven in a few hours, went to the captain and said, "Captain, do you think we shall weather the storm?" He replied with great gravity, "Madam, we must trust in God." She threw her hands up in despair and exclaimed, "Oh, dear! Are we so badly off that?" She was a fair representative of some Christians. They talk about heaven as though it were the most desirable place in the universe, but they are not at all anxious to explore its glories. They talk about trust in God, but, as in the above, when that is all they have to trust to they don't seem to regard it as of any great account.

Six hundred railroad passes have thus far been given this year to the two hundred and eighty members of the Massachusetts Legislature.

A telegraphic line will soon be commenced on the shores of the Mediterranean, to traverse the African continent which he represents. They will feel with him that the "grave alone must not be the Soldier's Rest." All

the same at the LOWEST RATES.

Flour and Fine Teas

A SPECIALTY.

J. W. ISBELL ETTE,

North Weymouth, Oct. 6, 1876.

that is necessary is for the Grand Army of the Republic to take measures to bring this worthy charity before the people of the State to realize that the people who responded to every call of patriotism in 1861-5, have not lost that spirit of devotion and generosity which made Massachusetts so conspicuous at that time. As years pass, they more fully realize the great debt they owe to the men whose valor, sacrifice and endurance, saved the Republic and brought unfading lustre to the Commonwealth. The people of Massachusetts will not permit those who served the State so faithfully to feel in their old age that in addition to the burdens of wounds and disease, they bear the more cruel one of cold neglect and pinching want. The Commonwealth will not prove recreant to the pledge made in 1861 by its Chief Magistrate, the noble Andrew, in his address to the departing troops, when he said: "From the bottom of my heart of hearts, as the official representative of Massachusetts, I pay to you soldiers, citizens and heroes, the homage of my most profound gratitude; and the heart of Massachusetts beats with full sympathy with every word I utter. We stay behind to guard the heartstones you have left, and whatever may be the future, we will protect the wives and children you may leave; and as you will be faithful to the country so will we be faithful to them."

Those men were faithful to the country, as the issue showed. The people of the Commonwealth will show their homage of profound gratitude by responding to the call which the commands of the Grand Army make through their official head, Gen. Sargent. [Boston Journal.]

RANDOM SHOTS.

The force of a compliment depends largely on the perspicuity of the language in which it is expressed. When you say, "That was a splendid sermon," there is no Delphic incoherence about it, and the minister who hears you ought to feel encouraged. But when you say of a man to whom an accident has occurred that "under the skillful care of his physician he lived just ten days," you have the merest shadow of a doubt whether that physician is the proper person to give you medicine or not.

Dr. Shad, who could summon spirits from the vasty deep, called into this nether world the soul of an atheist, who, when the question was put, "What do you think of the other life now?" replied with a logic quite befitting the whole occurrence, "There is no other life; I always thought so, and tried to prove it to you. You were stupid and wouldn't believe it; but now I have found out to a certainty that I was right, and when you die you will find it out too."

Politicians form a target at which every tyro may throw his lance with impunity. It is rather a sad comment on the next grandest science to that of theology that its disciples are universally looked upon with suspicion. Politics are a boiling cauldron, in which the scum is apt to come to the top, was said once; and although it excoriates the throat to say it yet it is just criticism. In the midst of a great political excitement a clergyman gave out the hymn, "Strike the Resounding Lyre," and a celebrated officeholder immediately dodged and prepared to defend himself.

The religious papers are discussing the best way to pronounce the benediction. Let the minister so pronounce it that he includes himself in its prayer. A great many ministers say, "The Lord be with you," when they ought to say, "The Lord be with us." We are all traveling together, and what one wants all want. There is a larger matter in connection with worship which ought to be criticized to the hilt of the sword. It is the habit of getting ready to go out of church while the benediction is being uttered. One man puts on his coat, another fumbles after his hat and still another stands in the aisle in as great eagerness as though the word "go" were the equivalent of the word "go." It is a painful thing to bolt one's food, but to bolt one's religion and then bolt for the door is neither just to one's self nor decorous toward the offices of religion.

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FRANKLIN CO.

Franklin, Oct. 6, 1876.

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